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THE BEST FEATURES IN ILLUSTRATED JOURNALISM.

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

1/-

The SPHERE

Vol. CXXVIII. No. 1670

JAN. 23, 1932. THE EMPIRE'S ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY

DINNEFORD'S

PURE FLUID

MAGNESIA

BRITISH MANUFACTURE

Trust Dinneford's

The regular use of Dinneford's Magnesia has been proved in thousands of cases, during the past hundred years, to afford relief in cases of Acidity of the Stomach, Rheumatic Gout, Gravel, Headache, Indigestion, Flatulence, Bilious Affections, &c., and is widely recommended by Doctors.

A mild, safe laxative for people of all ages. Solid or powdered magnesia is most dangerous to take as it is liable to form hard insoluble lumps in the bowels.

FOR FULL INSTRUCTIONS READ PAMPHLET ENCLOSED WITH EACH BOTTLE.

AVOID IMITATIONS.

Look for the name "DINNEFORD'S" on every bottle and label.
Manufactured in London for the past 100 years.
Price 1/3 and 2/6 per bottle.

BEETHAM'S Larola

1/6 & 2/6 a bottle

From all Chemists and Stores, or Post Free in U.K. direct from—
M. BEETHAM & SON, CHELTENHAM, ENGLAND

The very soul of beauty is a clear skin and fresh complexion. Use Larola and protect your beauty. Apply it to your face and hands.

Acquaint Cook if she forgets—

OXO

OTARD'S

ESTABD 1795

The Brandy with a Pedigree

GROWN NEXT DOOR TO VIRGINIA IN AMERICA'S SUNNIEST SPOT

CANADIAN CLUB TOBACCO

NAVY CUT · FLAKE · CURLY CUT · MIXTURE · ROUGH CUT

Issued by Godfrey Phillips Ltd., Proprietors. Established 1844.

11½d PER OZ.

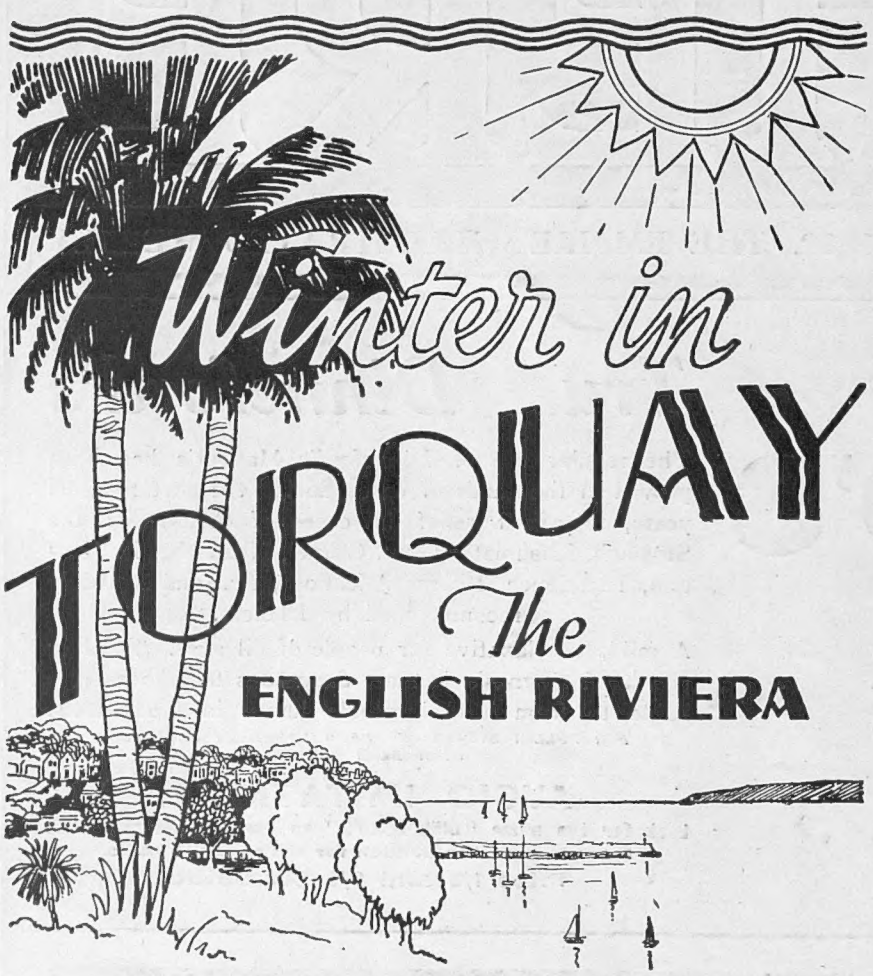
1/10d FOR 2 OZS.

SPORTING BRONZES

Every sportsman appreciates a work of art which reminds him of happy days at home and abroad, in the field and in the ring, with horse, hound, gun, rod, rifle, or the gloves, and for those to whom considerations of space or price make the hanging of original pictures prohibitive, a sporting group in bronze has a special attraction. At the Sporting Gallery may be seen many such bronzes by sportsman-artists, and from amongst them it is easy to select a delightful and very individual gift for a sportsman friend.

Prices from 4 Gns.

THE SPORTING GALLERY,
32, KING STREET, COVENT GARDEN, LONDON, W.C.2



SURPASSING natural beauty coupled with a mild and kindly climate makes Torquay the ideal winter resort.

Standing against a background of luxuriantly-wooded hills and looking southward over the clean wide sweep of Torbay, this "Queen of Watering Places" is sheltered from North, East and West—a veritable sun pocket beside a turquoise sea!

Torquay is replete with every facility for the enjoyment and entertainment of its visitors. It has a wonderful winter programme of entertainments, and hundreds of excellent hotels are offering specially favourable terms which are 10 to 20 per cent. below ordinary rates. All modern forms of Spa treatment are available, and the Spa Establishment is under the control of the Corporation.

By the famous G.W.R. Torbay Express (12 noon each week-day ex Paddington) Torquay is brought within 3½ hours of London. There are many other fast services including through connections with the North and Midlands.

Winter Resort Tickets issued by any train to return any day within one month.

Holiday Tickets issued on Fridays, Saturdays and Sundays, to return following Friday, or any day thereafter until following Sunday week.

Detailed particulars of these Cheap Tickets and literature of Torquay obtainable from Superintendent of the Line, G.W.R., Paddington Station, W. 2.

BUY BRITISH HOLIDAYS

EASTER
IN THE HOLY LAND

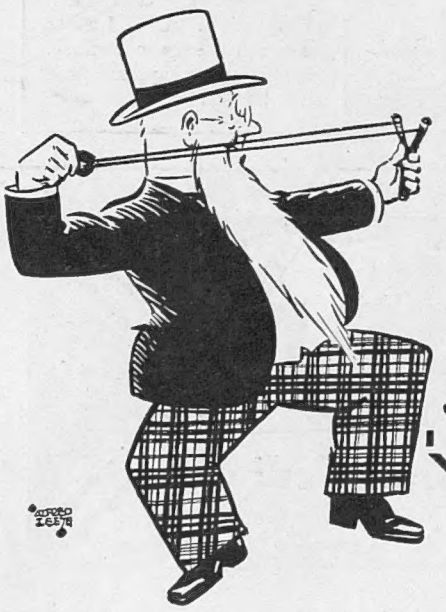
That alone would be worth the journey, but passengers by the 20,000 ton Orient Liner "Otranto" sailing 12th March will see North Africa, Egypt, Rhodes, Constantinople and Athens too.

30 DAYS' CRUISE FOR 52 GUINEAS

Write for programme of
SIXTEEN ORIENT LINE CRUISES
TO WEST INDIES, MEDITERRANEAN, ATLANTIC ISLANDS, NORWAY AND NORTHERN CAPITALS

ORIENT LINE CRUISES

Managers: Anderson, Green & Co., Ltd., 5 Fenchurch Avenue, London, E.C.3.
West End Offices: 14 Cockspur Street, S.W.1, & No. 1 Australia House, Strand, W.C.2.



Get 'YOUNGER EVERY DAY

Insist on 'YOUNGER' the famous SCOTCH ALE first brewed in 1749. No other beer will give you the satisfaction of the brew your forefathers knew. Ask for it in your club. Order a case and 'get YOUNGER at home'.

Every bottle PRE-BUDGET STRENGTH & QUALITY NO VARIATION IN THE BREWING

WILLIAM YOUNGER'S
Scotch Ale
BREWED IN EDINBURGH

Branches at London, Glasgow, Manchester, Leeds, Newcastle, Middlesbrough & Belfast

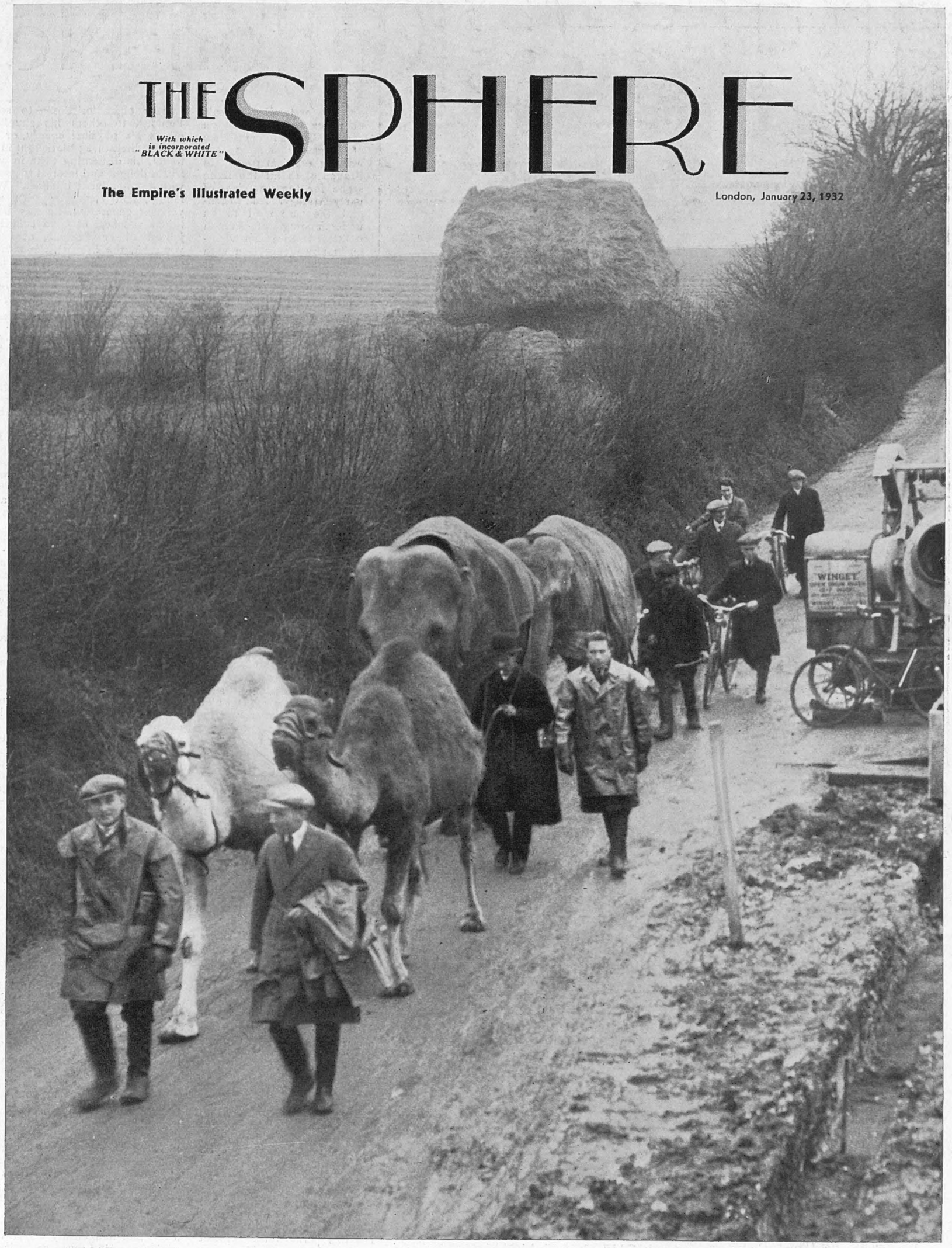
OGDEN'S

THE SPHERE

With which is incorporated "BLACK & WHITE"

The Empire's Illustrated Weekly

London, January 23, 1932



WHEN WOMBWELL WENT to WHIPSNADE

The Last Trek of Bostock and Wombwell's Menagerie to the Great Open-Air Annexe of the Zoo

After 127 years on the road, the oldest travelling menagerie in Great Britain—Bostock and Wombwell's Menagerie—has been removed bodily to Whipsnade. A large consignment of animals, including 2 elephants, 2 bears, 1 polar bear, 3 hyænas, 12 tigers, 2 wolves, 2 dromedaries, 1 sea lion, 25 monkeys, 1 kangaroo, 50 parrots, 1 pelican, 1 crane, and about 40 small miscellanea, travelled by special train composed of seventeen special tenders. The animal train was given a send-off by a crowd of 800 at Glasgow, and was greeted by crowds of children at various points down the line. From Dunstable the animals were taken by road to their new home on the Bedfordshire Downs. The two elephants were parted with great difficulty. They had been companions on the road for many years

Postage — Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Foreign, 2½d.

A London New

THE CROWN PRINCE OF ETHIOPIA: Prince Asfaou Wosan, the sixteen-year-old heir to the throne of Abyssinia, who visited Britain, has familiarized himself with various phases and facets of our civilization, among them the great aerial establishment at Croydon. The Crown Prince is seen above emerging from one of the giant air liners. He is wearing the costume inextricably associated with him: white drill, surmounted by a black cape; white gloves, a Homburg hat, and a crook-handled cane

346, STRAND, W.C.,

Wednesday, January 20, 1932.

NOW OR NEVER.—Man, born free, is everywhere in chains. Civilization, tottering on the verge of bankruptcy, is spending every year 1,000,000,000 in gold on weapons of destruction. Civilization, starving because the channels of trade are blocked, is everywhere raising dams and walls to check the surviving trickles. Nation A, with millions of her money locked away in the undertakings of Nation B, is demanding from Nation B that which must bring those undertakings to certain ruin. Half the governments of the civilized world still sit fiddling while the world burns. Now, when insanity rides in the whirlwind and directs the storm, now is the accepted hour, now is the time of salvation. In twenty years we have seen the madness of war and the madness of peace—and the latter is the more frenzied madness! It is the peace of *man* which passes all understanding and keeps our hearts and minds from knowledge and the love of God.

THE SUKKUR DAM AND LORD LLOYD.—I have not seen a full report of the Viceroy's speech at the opening of the great Lloyd Dam. But from the Press reports of the ceremonial speeches, less than justice seems to have been done to Lord Lloyd. Despite Lord Willingdon's statement that the final decisions were reached during his own Governorship of Bombay, it is perfectly certain that without the courage, vision, drive, and determination of Sir George Lloyd, the Sukkur Dam would never have been opened by Lord Willingdon in 1932. The proof of the pudding is in the eating, and it was left to the chief engineer, Mr. Harrison, to pay the tribute to Lord Lloyd which should have been starred in the British Press, and quoted from the Viceroy's speech. Lord Lloyd may not be an easy man to control from headquarters. No administrators of strong and independent character ever are, but Bombay remembers—never more so than to-day—the value of Lord Lloyd's courageous and far-sighted administration of Bombay. The Sukkur Dam has been justly christened, and will remain a memorial to a notable public servant whose work enhances the glory of British rule in India in the great tradition.

LIGHT COME, LIGHT GO.—The fall of M. Laval's Ministry at this juncture at first sight appeared to be either a disaster or a boon to the success of the coming conferences on Reparations and Disarmament. As a fact, the leading political parties in France are of one unyielding mind on these questions. To all of them, the fixed idea remains that France is a lonely fly in the nefarious web of international politics, and that the dangers which threaten her are not lessened when those politics are dignified with high-sounding titles, ideals of international forgiveness and understanding, ideals of peace and goodwill on earth. This single instance of harmony among the warring political parties in France gives all the more scope for the exercise of party strategy. And in general the sure road to an understanding of French politics is to reject vigorously any comparison with similar institutions in other countries. When a Ministry resigns in England or in Germany, for example, the probability is that the Opposition party gets its turn. Not so in France. A resignation is as often as not a bluff; it is *reculer pour mieux sauter;* the Premier resigns with his Ministry and triumphantly returns next day in greater strength, having diddled out of office some recalcitrant colleague or stolen a march on a napping opponent. France, moreover, is under the shadow of a General Election in April, and these moves are very common before a General Election. It is safe to say that to-day the politicians in Paris are as much concerned with the General Election as with the conferences to settle reparations and ensue world disarmament. France is France still, and her political manœuvres have a provincial smack, though the nation may hold wider views. A Ministry resigns and another Ministry indistinguishable from its predecessor takes its place—*Laval est mort, vive Laval.*

THE PRIMROSE PATH IN POLITICS.—There is still a primrose path to political success, though we constantly assure ourselves that the days of privilege are over. Last week we sent off to pour oil on the troubled waters of India two young gentlemen who are to win their own as well as India's spurs on a peculiarly stricken field. Lord Dufferin has just ceased to be a legal infant, Lord Hastings still has all the world at his feet. The party, which travels complete with wives, where available, is the very essence of privilege. The surest of all ways to political success is to be the protégé of a Premier or a party leader. Lord Lothian was Mr. Lloyd George's gentleman of the privy closet, Mr. Davidson was one of a dozen protégés of Mr. Baldwin whose chaperonage is as famous as was Mr. Asquith's. K.C.B.s were poured out like water on Mr. Asquith's young gentlemen. Baronetcies and office have early rewarded Mr. Baldwin's. Lord Hinchingbrooke has backed the right horse. Democracy is always having the dust thrown in its shortsighted eyes. Aristocracy is by no means dead.

BISHOP GORE.—The death of Bishop Gore is an event to which reference must be made in this Newsletter. He was perhaps the greatest figure in the Church to-day and his name will be added to the accepted list of the greatest churchmen in English history. The facts of his life have been given wide publicity this week and I will not repeat them. It is difficult for me to write of him. Wiser men will speak of his greatness and of his goodness. To the world he was a great churchman; to those that read his books or heard his words, he was a mighty intellect, a persuasive preacher; to those who knew him personally he was always first and foremost a great man, but one endowed with specially endearing human characteristics — to some his humour, to others his simplicity, to others his physical energy, or his love of good literature; his delight in foreign travel, his discerning taste in art, gave added delight and interest to intercourse with a pre-eminent intellect. With his family, and especially with us of a younger generation, he was before all things the best of good company, the jolliest of companions, at heart the youngest, the keenest, the most up-to-date, the most adventurous of his company. He it was who was always inspiring us to do things, to try the new things, to see things, and to get to grips with new ideas.

. . . .

He was the first of his family to fly; he it was who first gave us the thrill of travelling in a motor car. When I first remember him, he was Vicar of Radley. Then come memories of his delightful house in the Cloisters at Westminster and tea in the garden there. Then of a trip to Brussels, Bruges, and Ghent, strenuous beyond belief. I have memories of his three bishoprics, of visits to Hartlebury, that white elephant, and of the house in Worcester which he chose instead; of the villa at Edgbaston, of Cuddesdon, its garden, and the excavation of Roman remains during his tenancy of the palace; of his visit to the front during the War. Of strenuous games of golf-croquet in summer wherever a lawn was available, and of strenuous walks in winter; and, winter or summer, rain or shine, continuous laughter and jollity whenever he was of the company. He adored small babies and could win their confidence at once. Letters he wrote to a small boy at his private school, which I have by me, remind me that he understood and could sympathise with little boys. And indeed he always chose young men for his companions when his brief and much-needed holidays came round. He killed himself by overwork during his last visit to India. With a heart so eternally young, he could not believe that his body must grow old. Charles Gore's life displayed not only the beauty, but the gaiety, of true holiness.

MORE REFLECTIONS ON FRENCH ART.—One good reason why London is no longer suited to be the social headquarters of civilization was shown at the beginning of last week when the organizing authorities at Burlington House gave a little party to art lovers. Repercussions of that little party began to be felt at Knightsbridge at half-past eight in the evening. At a time when Piccadilly is usually clear of theatre and dinner traffic, it took three-quarters of an hour for a private car to jerk its way up from Sloane Street to the courtyard of Burlington House—and that in winter and holiday time! But once inside, one forgot one's troubles and those hundreds of surplus buses, each carrying a single passenger, and one fell to worship French art with a spirit of humility such as overtook the Queen of Sheba on a notable occasion. And, indeed, I confess, now that first-impression time is over and the hour for mature reflection has arrived, that the half was not told me. I had no notion of the splendour of the feast in store for us, albeit I have travelled in France and haunted her museums and galleries assiduously for a quarter-century. My newly acquired "Buy British" mood trickled away in a moment before those lovely and diabolically clever works of genius covering seven centuries. How can we any longer accuse of political meanness and blindness a nation which has provided us with such a winter feast? Henceforward, while the exhibition remains open I must turn a blind eye to the less glaring virtues of the French nation.

. . . .

Ingres has been revealed to me for the first time in the Liège Napoleon and the portrait of his first wife. I have met a new Corot, a many-sided genius, a Manet of whom I never dreamed in the "Lovers of Père Lathuille."

sletter

A Renoir whose La Loge I suppose I might have sought out in London for myself. I made a first acquaintance with Chassériau and wondered why I had not stormed the house of Baron Chassériau in Paris half-a-dozen times instead of wasting my time in the rue de la Paix.

I saw a new Nattier with a soul, a David who stands among the immortals with his M. Sériziat. I never dreamed of looking at Davids in the Louvre. And Boilly. How much less damnable I should have found the village of Hinges near La Bassée during the War, had I known it as the birthplace of Boilly. Oh dear! how I wasted my time on all those French trips of mine, though every day I remember to have worked my legs to exhaustion. In the Louvre alone one ought to spend a couple of months among the unstarred treasures.

MOTOR COACHES AND LONDON.—The considered policy of Mr. Gleeson Robinson, the Metropolitan Area Traffic Commissioner, deserves wide notice. For some months he has been wrestling with an invidious task of great importance.

(1) Motor coaches should not compete with the railways where the railways adequately cater for suburban traffic.

(2) The motor coach plying to London must be regarded as supplementary to the excellent road transport system in greater London. That is, it must dump its passengers at the starting point of the appropriate bus route, and there pick them up for the return journey. It is to be hoped that the Ministry of Transport will deal with the appeals of disappointed applicants without sentiment or weakness.

SKY-WRITING—A POSTSCRIPT.—The wonder is that the efficacy of "a letter to the *Times*" still retains all its reputation. Doubtless it is the constant high reputation of that journal that keeps the time-honoured device for impressing your opinion on the public alive — that and a wide-spread lust for self-expression. For, in truth, none was ever convinced by the opinions of an adversary whether expressed in debate or correspondence columns. The rival schools begin poles apart and draw nearer never one inch. Black remains black and white remains white, when at last all the steam is let off. You and I, who live in Central London, are perfectly convinced that motor coaches from Margate should not dump passengers in Oxford Street or Cornhill. Economists living in Margate and coach proprietors are unshaken in an opposite belief. There are always two sides to what is for the public good. And in the matter of sky-illumination advertising, you and I are unable to credit that anybody can genuinely differ from our view that such projects are vulgar if not impious outrages on Nature and liberty. And yet every day of our lives we meet glaring proofs that the large majority of our fellow citizens differ from us fundamentally on nearly all our accepted standards and beliefs.

. . . .

We abhor litter and the desecration of the countryside and have every proof that ours is a minority opinion. We detest queues, crowds, stuffy cinema halls, processions, public outings, peep shows, and popular beauty spots, and those very bugbears of ours prove the smallness of our minority. We hate sex novels and sloppy love stories and "Society" reminiscences and we know that they are widely read. We detest crime and sensation journalism, and its success proves how forlorn our position is. And so with night advertising in the sky. Optimistic as ever and no whit convinced by a thousand proofs, we thunder out our condemnation, "an outrage to every decent citizen," blind to the glaring truth that ninety per cent. of the citizens of this essentially decent nation welcome the idea of letters of fire across the midnight sky, and of the latest patent medicine obscuring Cassiopeia, and look forward to the substitution of a malted milky way for the older favourite of childhood. This huge majority likes change and welcomes glittering lights and shows. Gramophones on the Thames in June evenings are cheerier and more certain than nightingales, the floodlit face of the local cinema is more romantic and attractive than moonlit Melrose or starlight on the Downs. Colour, light, human intercourse, and novelty are the pressing and constant need of the majority of civilized mankind.

THE OLD STAGER.

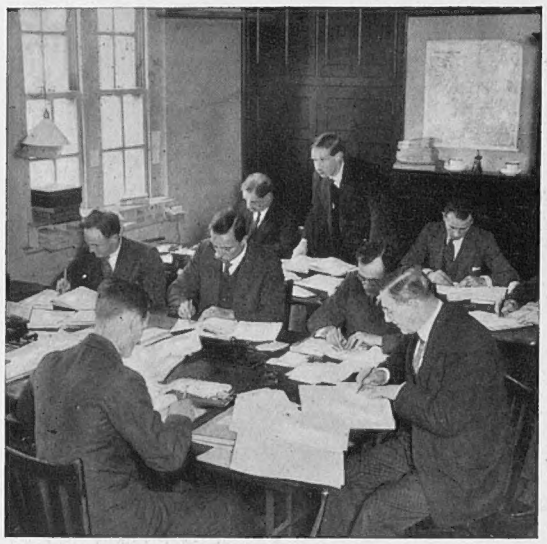
"DOG - DAYS" IN LONDON: Over 200 free licences were given to dog owners too poor to pay the 7s. 6d. tax now due. The presentations were made at the Regal Cinema, Marble Arch, the management of which, in connection with various animal societies, included among which were Our Dumb Friends' League and the Battersea Dogs' Home, organized the entire charitable scheme

PRINCE GEORGE IN GLASGOW: The King's youngest son, who is taking an increasingly large share in public functions, is seen above in the finishing-room of the carpet factory of Messrs. Templeton during his visit to the Scottish metropolis

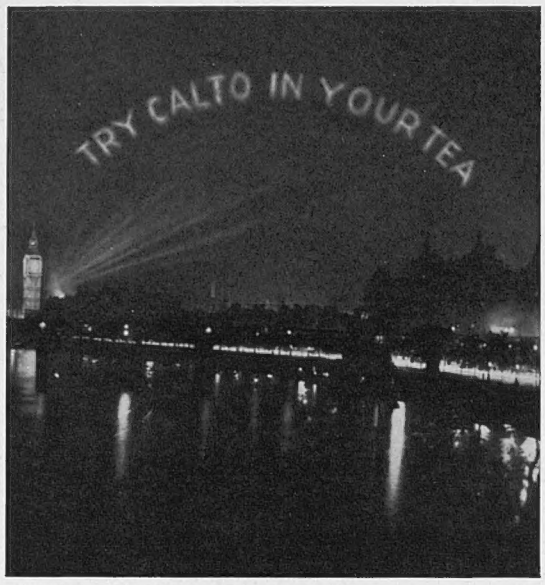
WOMEN ADOPT ANOTHER MASCULINE GAME: Polo is the latest male preserve to be invaded, and a club has just been started at Ham where polo instruction is given

THE ORTHODOX GREEK RITE: Mr. Kenneth Williamson and Miss Ariadre Ackermann at their wedding ceremony in the Russian Church, Buckingham Palace Road. The groomsmen hold crowns over the heads of the bridal couple; the latter hold lighted tapers in their hands. The entire ceremony is invested with pomp and magnificence exceeding those of any other faith

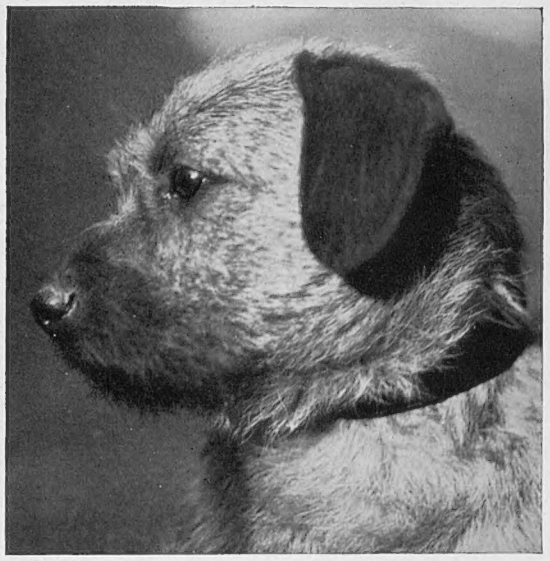
LATE NEWS OF THE WEEK



O.H.M.S.: So great is the pressure of work on the Inland Revenue Department, owing to the three-quarter instalments now being paid up, that, in West Ham, Sunday work was inaugurated to keep pace with the increase

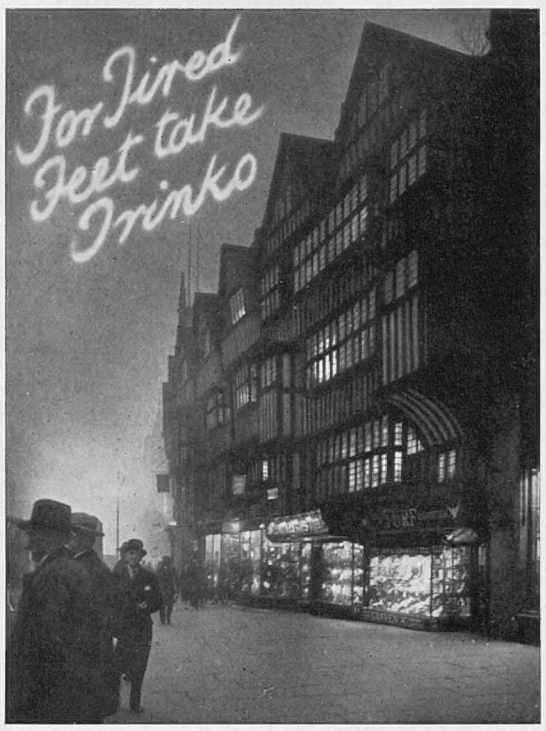


PLACARDING THE SKY: A pictorial exposition of the most flagrantly vulgar advertising scheme ever adumbrated the suggestion of which (it *is* practicable) has precipitated a violent outcry



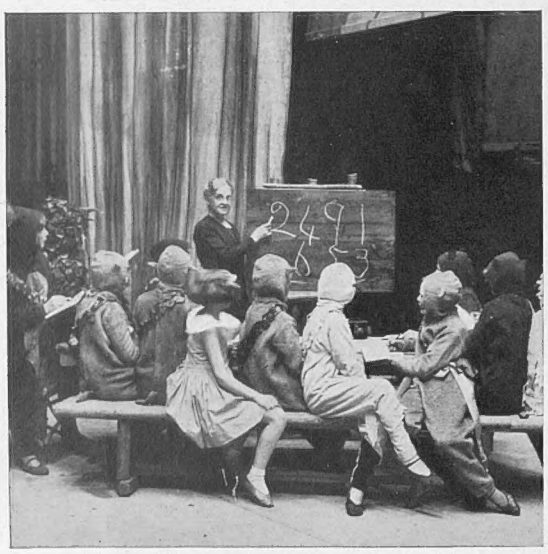
"TOMMY BROCK": Mr. Edward Boughey's Border Head exhibited at the National Terrier Club Show held at Olympia. This is a magnificent specimen of his little-known but attractive breed

LADY LINDRUMS: Miss Ethel Brown (Rugby) and Miss Thelma Carpenter (Bournemouth)—the finalists of the Women's Amateur Billiards Championship. The breaks were not spectacular

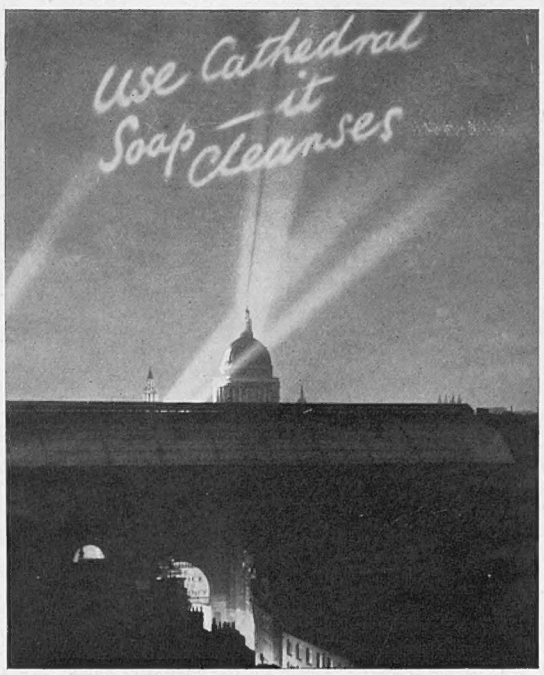


ARGENT ON SABLE: Staple Inn by night points the glaring vulgarity of the advertising medium whose possibility is now being canvassed. It is not yet determined if such advertisement is legal

THE OPENING OF THE SALMON SEASON: The scene at Taymouth Castle Waters, Perth, when, according to tradition, a bottle of whiskey was broken to the sound of pipes to inaugurate the season



LESSONS PERSIST: The children employed on the stage are given instruction by the L.C.C. in the theatre. This picture shows a group from "Toad of Toad Hall" running for matinées at the Savoy



GOD'S HEAVEN DESECRATED ABOVE GOD'S HOUSE: An imaginative forecast of what may yet become a degrading fact though now but a hideous possibility

Public opinion has been outraged during the past few days by the suggestion that the sky should be used for advertisement purposes. This can now be achieved by a device which projects on to the sky a lettered slogan—a marvel of misplaced ingenuity

SCILLY ELECTRICITY: Laying the electric cable in St. Mary's, Scilly Isles. A company has just been formed to supply the main island of the group with current for heating and lighting

AN ICY WINTER TASK: Five of the six judges at Olympia, where the Dairy and Ice-cream Exhibition was held, who tasted samples from no fewer than 500 cartons of ice-cream

THE LIGHT BLUES IN TRAINING: Squadron-Leader F. E. Hellyer with Mr. L. Luxton, who is now being tried at 2, crosses the river with spare men for boat-race practice on the Cam

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PLACE IN HISTORY

Some Social Aspects of the So-called Drink Question on Britain's Countryside

By J. BAKER WHITE

A copy of the report of the Licensing Commission lay on my knees, and slid unheeded to the floor. The room seemed to be peopled with spirits, not the grim, skinny sort with clanking chains, but ample, smiling spirits waiting for the blue-coated waiter to carry in the punch and ale. To-day swift trains and cars, and swifter aeroplanes, carry us to our destinations, but happily some of the coaching inns survive, with their coffee-rooms. With the coming of the railways many of them fell into decay, but the motors have brought them into their own again, ready to receive all comers. There is one old coaching house that still inscribes these words at the foot of the daily menu :— "There is nothing which has been contrived by man by which so much happiness is produced as by a good tavern or inn." Dr. Johnson wrote them. Would that he with his knowledge could have come back from the grave to be at the sittings of the Licensing Commission!

Around other inns the smugglers built up their industry. At Robin Hood's Bay, a favourite haunt of the Yorkshire smugglers, you can still hear tales of midnight fights with the Excise men. At Witham in Essex there is an inn that was the clearing house for the contraband landed in the creeks round Burnham. This house had a well, remarkable in that it was accessible only through the roof, and often held more brandy that it did water! And above all, at Alfriston in Sussex, where almost the whole village was in the illicit trade, the spirit of the smuggling days still lives.

Alfriston with its inns is one of those places that is for ever utterly English. If you are weary of an office desk or the noise of factory, take the road for Alfriston. And if you should happen to half-wake from your sleep in the hours that are between midnight and dawn, and if you think you hear in the street below the sound of low voices and padded hooves, do not wake and look out of your window to find nothingness. Dream on, of ships with no lights standing in to the shore, of the crack of pistols and the clash of cutlasses, of marching Roman legions and fairies dancing at the dew-ponds, thus knowing something of the eternal mystery of the Downs.

Then there is the other aspect of the question, the place of the inn in the social system of to-day. In these days of change there is much talk of "class" and "equality." Within the four walls of an inn all men are equal, as they have been through the centuries. That, and the fact that they stand apart from the storms of class hatred and political prejudice, surely prove them to be of value. In one of the Yorkshire colliery districts there is a public-house, built on the most modern lines, which can boast one of the longest bars in England. It is long with a good reason, for when eight hundred thirsty miners just up from the pit all want beer at once, there is need for plenty of room.

During the coal stoppage of 1926, that public-house naturally became the place where the miners met. There was much bitterness in that long struggle between miner and mine owner, but every day you could see the mine manager taking his ale at that bar among the miners. Within its doors there was never a hint of bitterness, and when the men of that pit decided to go back to work their leaders met the management not in the colliery offices, but in the private bar of the inn, with the landlord in the chair and jugs of ale on the table.

Reformers cry for equality; they can find it any day in the public-houses of England. And they will find too that there is no set of men more loyal and sane than the bulk of England's innkeepers. Many of them follow in the footsteps of that "fair burgess and merry man," Harry Bailey, landlord of the "Tabard" in Southwark, whose name has come down in history.

There are to-day landlords who are nationally, and internationally, famous. The name of Charlie Brown is known in every port where British seamen meet. Some are figures of repute in the realm of art and literature, others in the field of sport. It is no bad part they and their wives play in life, that of attending to the needs of their fellow men, satisfying their thirst and hunger, often settling their disputes or helping them in times of need. Set about with rules and restrictions, ever open to attack by cranks, the landlords and landladies of our inns form one of the most stable elements in England's life to-day.

It would be interesting to hear the views of some of them on the question of "snugs," which the Licensing Commission states should be "wholly swept away." A "snug," be it explained, is a cosy room, often with a curtain or partition by the door, where the regular visitors at any inn are wont to meet. The underlying inference of the Licensing report is that "snugs" are dens of immorality and secret drinking.

Let us visit one of these "snugs," well known to East Coast yachtsmen. It stands about a hundred yards from the quay, with the sign of the "Jolly Sailor" over the door. It is a low room, with fine oak beams. A cheerful fire burns in the grate, and around the walls are set comfortable chairs and settles. The room is full, and the atmosphere is blue with tobacco smoke. Almost every man has the same drink set before him, a pint of "old and mild."

In this "snug" all men are equal and friends. A group of blue-jerseyed fishermen are discussing sprats; the landlord, who was an ostler years ago, is talking "hosses" with the local squire. In a corner two coastguard officers, a farmer, and the doctor are playing dominoes. A stranger comes in, but within a few minutes he is at home in a group discussing duck fighting.

Time wears on, and the hands of the clock turn to half-past nine. The conversation has become general, and every man is at peace with himself and his neighbour. "What about a tune, Vic.?" says the landlord, and a young fisherman goes to the piano. The old tunes do well enough here, "Little Brown Jug," "Lily of Laguna," and the like. If a "reformer" were to pass by and hear the voices and the stamping feet he would make a mental note of another "orgy" in a "snug." He would not know that the "snugs" and private bars of England are the oldest clubs in the world. This "snug" in a little Suffolk town is not unique; there are thousands like it throughout the land. Why should they be "wholly swept away"?

The Licensing Commission tells us that alcohol is "essentially a narcotic." The dictionary definition of this word is "producing coma or torpor; a medicine to alleviate pain and produce sleep, and in excessive doses causing death." The definition might apply in America, where the reformers have had their way; where the hospitals are full of men and women, some raving in delirium, others blind for life, with wood alcohol poisoning; but it does not apply in England. The Commission's report, making play with the diseases likely to afflict those who partake of alcohol, records disapprovingly that it produces "a feeling of comfort and self-confidence and the temporary disappearance of cares and worries." Why not? Is this such a crime to lay at the doors of the brewers and distillers and innkeepers of England?

It is unquestionable that there is need for reform in the very things the Licensing Commission was set up to examine. There is need for a drastic overhaul of "hours of opening" and the removal of some of the present absurdities. Many public-houses need to be rebuilt or modernized, though the brewers are working to this end as fast as Acts of Parliament and Licensing Justices will allow them. Many old coaching inns have been ruined by the enclosing of the courtyards and their conversion into "palm lounges." Such abominations with their wicker chairs and tables should be swept away. The Licensing report suggests many reforms, but most of them of the wrong sort.

There is need for greater, not less, liberty.

Let us admit that this £20,000 Licensing Report is, to use its own term, "essentially a narcotic." Let us get back to reality, as we have done in politics, and go forward to make reforms, recognizing that in the past, as in the present, the English tavern has played its important part in our national life, that within its doors all men are equal, and that the majority of men enter it not to rot themselves with poison, but to buy each other ale in Christian fellowship.

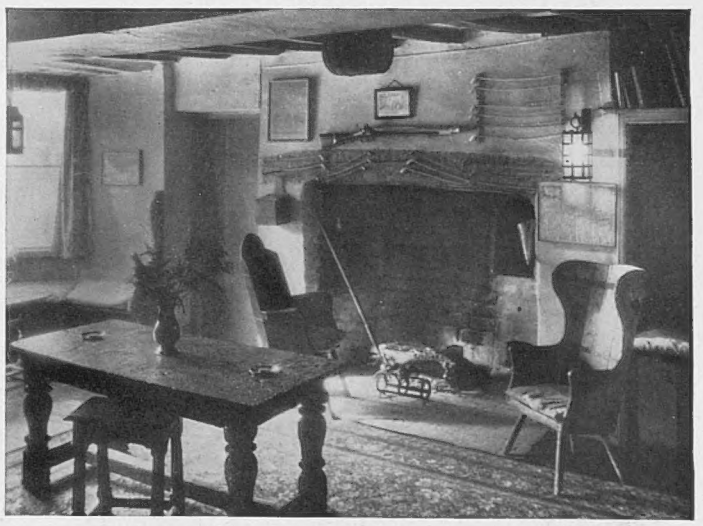
In one Kentish inn hangs this notice:

"Good Advice. Call Frequently, Drink Moderately. Pay Honourably. Be Good Company. Part Friendly. Go Home Quietly. Let these lines be no man's sorrow, pay to-day and trust to-morrow."

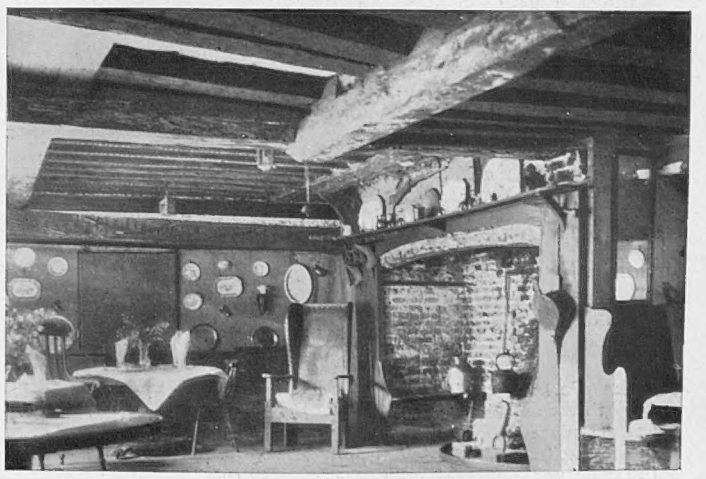
That is the real spirit of the English inn.

A PORT OF CALL FOR GENERATIONS: A typical roadside pull-up in the stone country of the West. The picture shows the Frog Mill Inn, on the old coaching road approaching Gloucester. Bishop Hooper lay here before his martyrdom in 1555

A HOUSE OF HISTORY: The old George Inn, in the village of Norton St. Philip, Somerset. Formerly in the possession of the Abbots of Hinton Abbey, the old inn was the locale of the wool market. The Duke of Monmouth stayed here the night before Sedgemoor

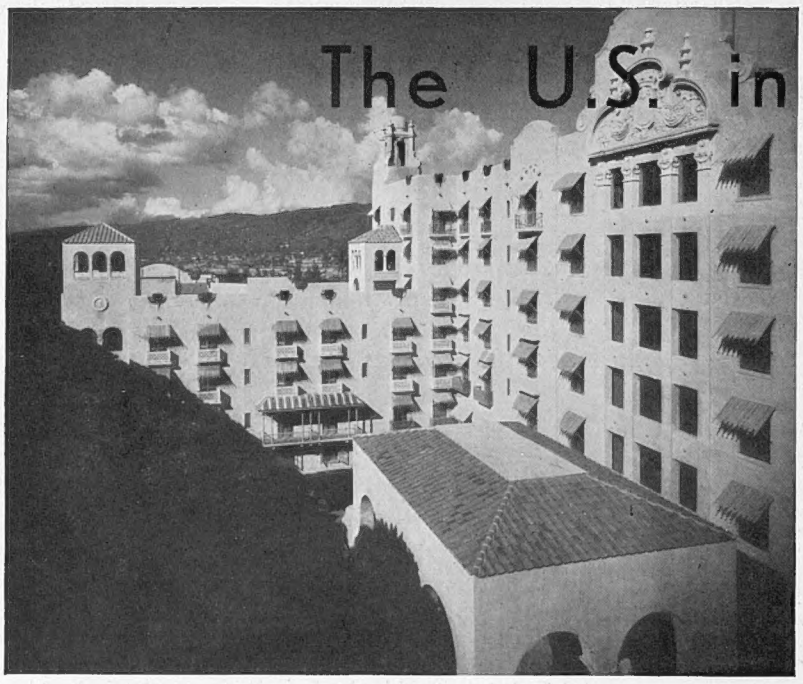


AN ENCHANTING "SNUG": The interior of the Mill Inn, Withington, Gloucester. The oak tables and stools harmonize with the pewter and copper. The property belongs to the Lord of the Manor, and thus the antiques are carefully preserved

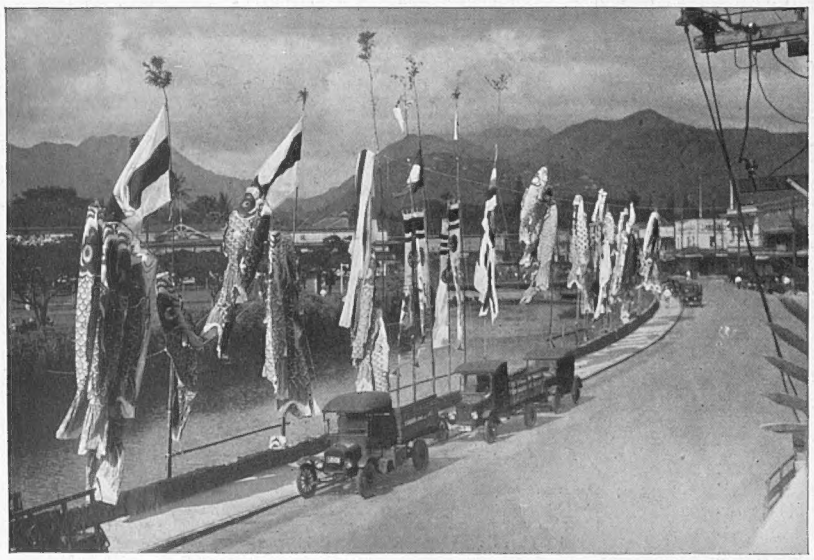


ON THE SITE OF A PRIORY: The interior of the dining-room at the Griffin, Amersham, Bucks, an inn once occupied by the Lords of the Manor. Cromwell visited it when travelling to Uxbridge to meet the Commissioners of Charles I in 1645

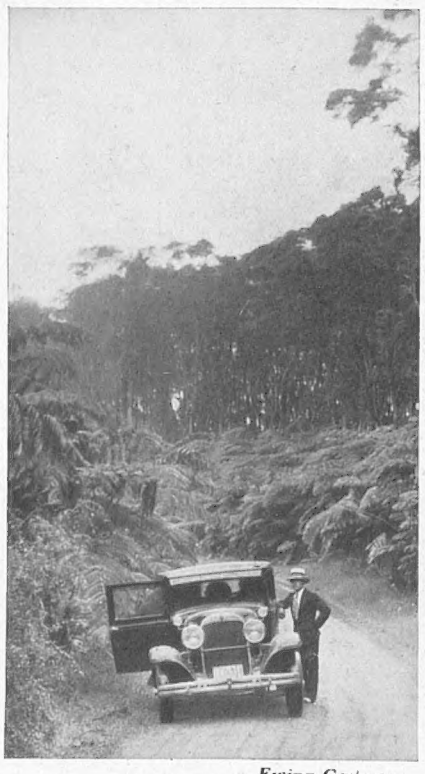
The U.S. in HAWAII



THE GREAT HAWAIIAN BEACH RESORT: A view of Waikiki Beach with the new Royal Hawaiian Hotel dominating the city. This building contains 400 rooms and its existence shows how popular the Pacific resort has grown. On the menu of Hawaiian hotels, advertisements for teaching the Hula are printed

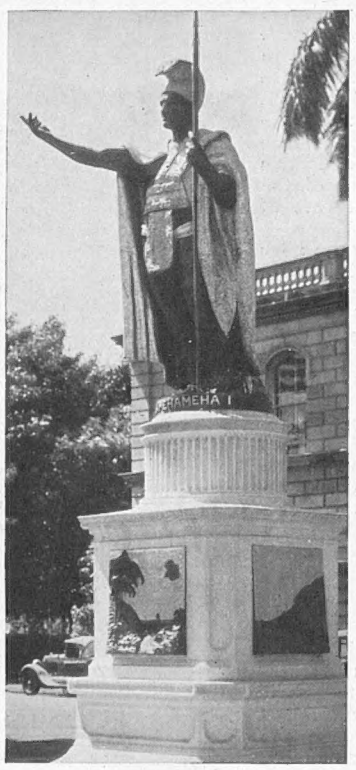


A JAPANESE FESTIVAL IN HAWAII: The scene on "Boys' Day"—a festival celebrated almost as heartily in mid-Pacific as in Nippon. Paper carp are strung up in the breeze. The emblem represents the male youth of the Japanese community



Ewing Galloway

TROPIC LOVELINESS: One of the exquisite roads in Hawaii along which motors with cargoes, mixed both in sex and race, take their enchanted and perilous way



Ewing Galloway

THE NATIVE PATRIOTIC SHRINE: The statue of Kamehameha I, the great national hero of Hawaii, stands before the Supreme Court building

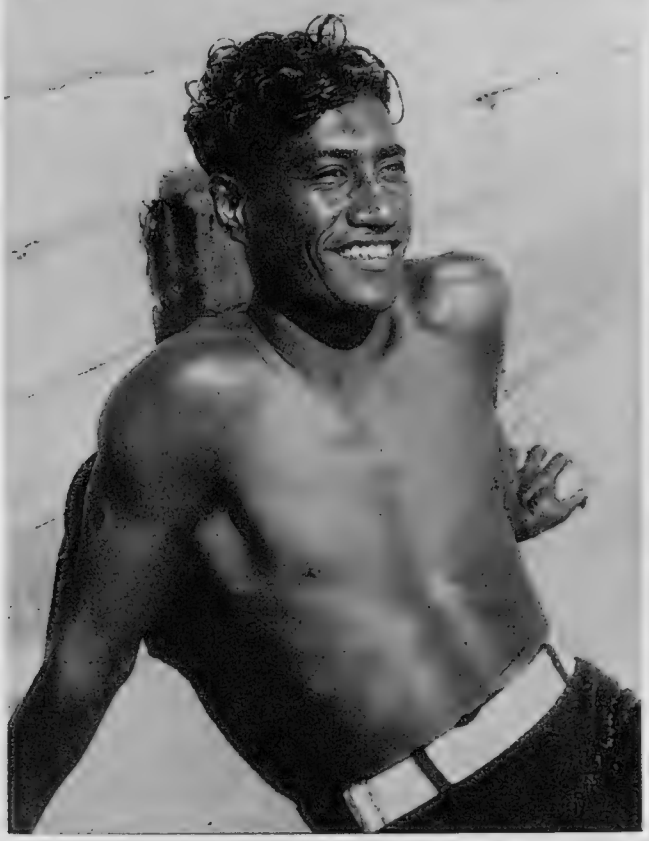
THE POPULATION IS TWO-FIFTHS JAPANESE in Hawaii, and most of the petrol stations are owned by this race. Incidentally, the women do the major part of the work! The Massie case featured a Japanese among the defendants. The great racial problems of the colony are intensified by the diversity of nationals living there

POLYGLOT PLAYMATES: An interesting picture from Hawaii—the cross-roads of the Pacific—showing a cosmopolitan class in a girl's school in Honolulu. The youngsters show the following breeds and races: Chinese Hawaiian; Portuguese Hawaiian; Chinese; Korean; American-Hawaiian (a bad cross); Hawaiian; Japanese and Porto-Rican

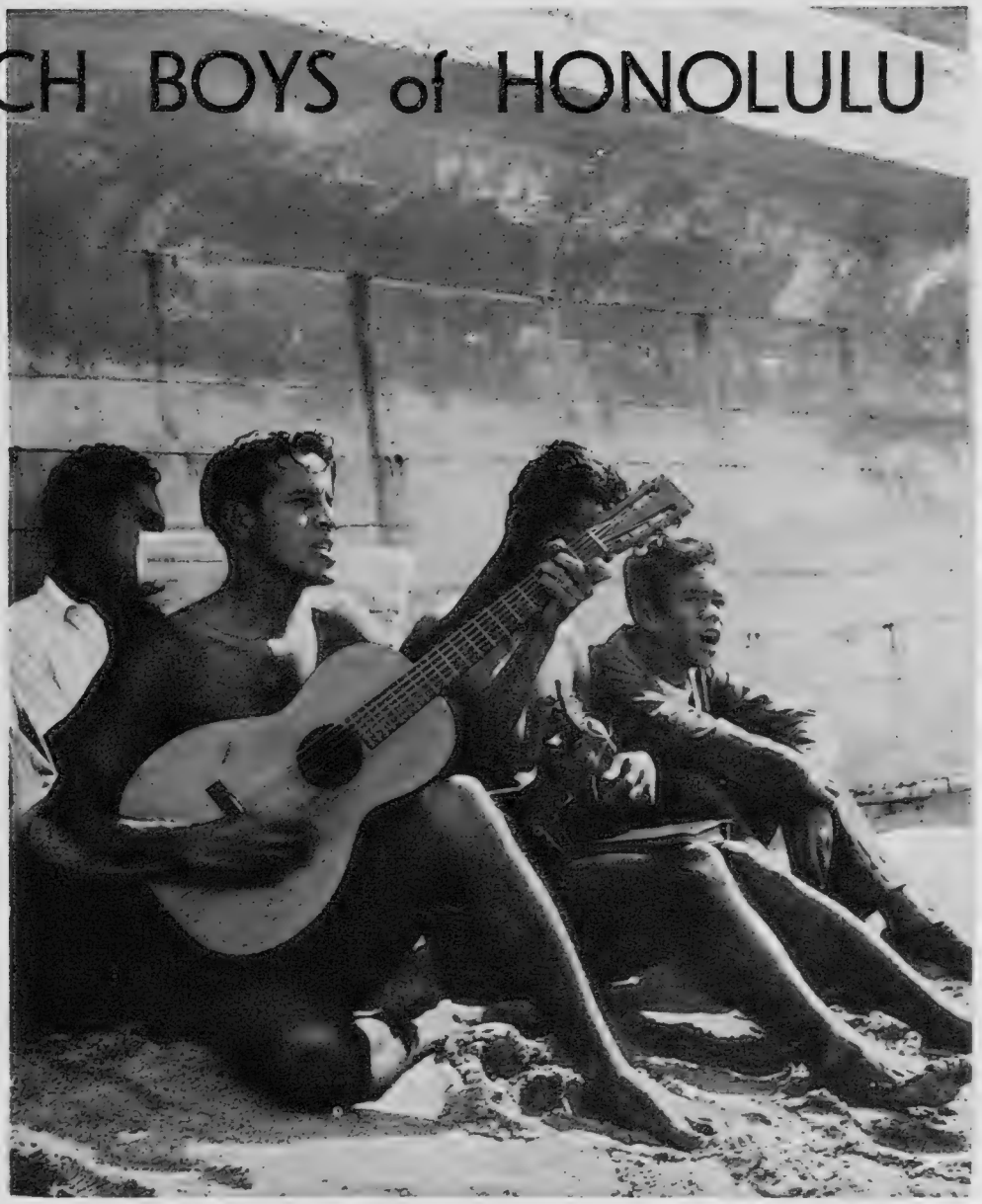
DOLCE FAR NIENTE: Miss Betty Carstairs (left) and Miss Jenkins, of London, enjoy a quiet cigarette in the sun at Waikiki. The beach life is delightful as a relaxation to strong characters, but it has an insidious charm which has apparently led to the present regrettable situation

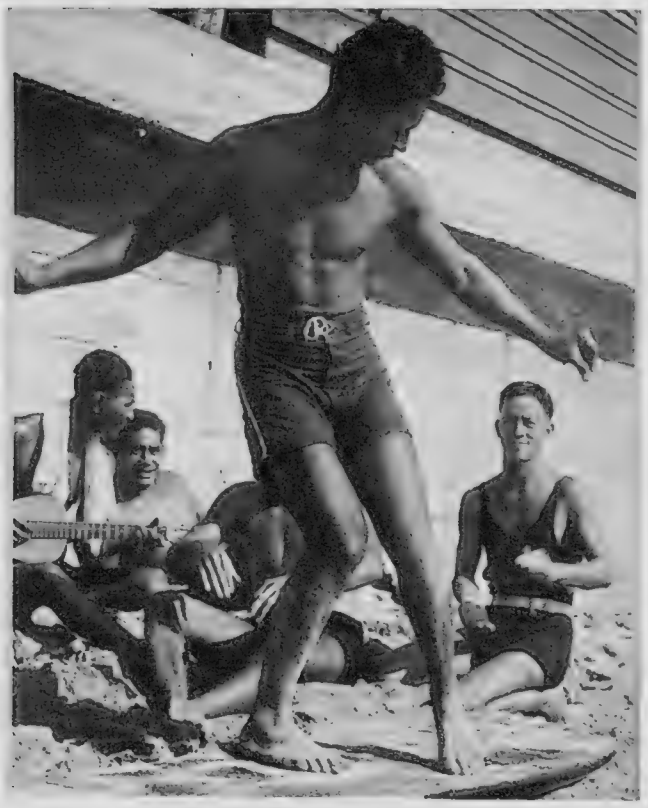
The Fortescue-Massie case has thrown a searchlight of publicity and astonished interest upon the Eden of the Pacific which is, in fact, one of the most polyglot communities in the world. Annexed in 1898 by the U.S., it has been given a constitution analogous to that of its territorial suzerain: a Senate (of fifteen) and a House of Representatives (of thirty) under an American Governor. The Senators and Congressmen may be native Hawaiians, may be Americans (they are all U.S. citizens) or anything else between. The ideal of Dominion Status seems as undesirable in actuality in Hawaii as it is fantastic—even in theory—in India.

The BEACH BOYS of HONOLULU



AN APOLLO OF THE PACIFIC: *It has been hinted that familiarity and a lack of the dignity proper to a controlling race have been conducive to tragedies of the Massie type*





"RIPPLES" BY THE SHORE: *The native dancing is one of the famous sights on the beaches of the Hawaiian islands, and it is not only the Hula Hula girls in their skirts of "shredded wheat" that perform them*

BY THE SOUND OF THE SURF: *A typical present day product of Honolulu beaches is here seen resting after a surf-riding bout*

THE WAIKIKI BLUES: *The plaintive wail of native Hawaiian music coupled with the tropical atmosphere forms a heady combination*

THE STEEL GUITAR *is, saving only the drum, the most intoxicating musical instrument in the world. The influence of the native music on the native morals can scarcely be overrated*

THE SPORT OF THE ISLANDS: *Aquatic games in the most exiguous costumes form the great pastime in Hawaii—rivalling even the Riviera. It is conventional for whites to hire natives as instructors in these pursuits*

HALCYON DAYS: *Dreaming time away is a popular pastime in Honolulu, but beneath the unofficial sun-worship of the Pacific lies a sinister atmosphere of paganism blent with a growing habit of familiarity towards the Americans who control or visit the island. In the background is one of the modern hotels*

IF WE STOPPED BUILDING BATTLESHIPS ON THE TYNE," *says Sir Norman Angell, the superficial observer would suggest that unemployment would increase by leaps and bounds; he states, however, that the money spent on building a battleship might well be disbursed (in the form of relief from taxation) to create equal employment on pacific pursuits*

THE MI

GENEVA.

On the threshold of the Conference for the Reduction of Armaments the world is being deluged with every aspect—political, financial, economic, physical—of the tremendous subject about to be approached with a view to a first step being made in reverse—or away from ever-mounting armaments. At the giant assize shortly opening here and which, some think, may easily be protracted until the long vacation, it is quite on the cards that one of the principal difficulties surrounding the problem of arms and the man will not receive the ventilation that its importance would seem to demand. I refer to that side of the economic factor having to do with unemployment inevitably following in the wake of progressive disarmament.

Further unemployment! Not unnaturally do we one and all recoil at the very thought of such a thing. Yet the plain fact is that this Conference could hardly have met at a more unfavourable moment in the strictly economic sense. Had it been convened during boom years—when men and women thrown out of work by the cancellation of this and that contract appertaining to armaments, or less directly losing their jobs through a limitation of the armed forces, could lightly have been drawn into other branches of labour and industry—it would have been a different matter. The situation is that we are now brought abreast of things precisely at a moment when the word on all sides is, "we must strive to keep as many people at work as we possibly can." Manifestly any measure of disarmament, however scientifically applied, must run counter to such striving. Not even your trusting pacifist now seeks to deny the unhappy fact. He merely calls the ill that would ensue a "temporary dislocation of the labour market."

There has been singularly little thought out in this capital matter yet, perhaps for the reason that, during all these years when disarmament has been to the fore, only ourselves have really borne an unemployment burden. The principal foreigner interested has been Jouhaux, the French C.G.T. leader. Now, with the unemployment ripple ever widening o'er Europe, in separate national pools, we are likely to hear more of this angle of the problem. That this is so may be gauged from sections of the following communication received, quite unofficially, from League headquarters in answer to a request for certain data:—

> I am not in the least degree impressed by the argument that reduction of arms and of armies would lead to unemployment. If, as is utterly out of the question, the Disarmament Conference reached such a good agreement that some millions of men were thrown out of the forces and out of armaments firms, there would clearly be a number of men out of work, but unless the unemployment argument is used merely as an excuse for not disarming—as is obviously the case with armaments firms at least—it is plain that it would be far more profitable economically for the money used for entirely non-productive arms and armies to be devoted to productive sources.
>
> The various States spend tens of millions a year on men and material which never see war; the vast majority of guns and battleships die peacefully in their beds, and so far as these are concerned it is a complete and absolute waste. You might just as well spend a lifetime manufacturing a harp when everybody knows that won't be your instrument! It would be more profitable—if, by some miracle, the Disarmament Conference reduced armies—for the State to continue to pay wages to all the dispossessed individuals, to let them do some kind of productive work, or even to do no work at all, because at least the money spent by these individuals would be buying goods that are used and useful instead of material which is not likely to be used, and if used has no purpose but destruction.

However, taking the subject on a more general basis, expenditure on armies and continuation of war will not only fail to solve the unemployment problem, but will make it impossible to solve it, and the economic aspect of the matter to which you draw attention is the old problem of rationalization, the problem of correcting maladjustment. But if you are to approach the problem of disarmament from the point of view of saying it can't be effected because of the unemployment it would cause, my answer would be that you could spend the same or half the money with infinitely greater profit by engaging people, so unemployed, in other directions. Unfortunately, there is nothing in existence on the number of civilians in armaments and dependent industries, trade, commerce, etc. *No such study has ever been made*, and the question has been discussed only from a theoretical point of view. It is quite impossible to anticipate that a million people would be thrown out of work in France alone; the impression is that this is quite improbable. It is impossible to know how many men would be thrown out of employment until it is known what the Conference does—whether its cut is in men or material, or in only one of these; what is the extent of the cut, and so on. Whatever reductions the Conference may agree upon, *there is no doubt that the Governments will have in mind any effect it will have on employment*, and will arrange to spread over a few years any readjustments that may be necessary. Even if you completely disarmed the world in one, I still consider it would be a magnificent profit to go on paying wages and salaries to all who would be dispossessed. (The italics are mine.)

The writer of the above evidently thought that I had adopted my premise, whereas nothing of the kind has, I need hardly say, occurred. The task here is the purely objective one of attempting to set forth very broadly what is likely to happen in the unemployment field, parallel to the application of graduated disarming.

In the first case it is clear that the victors, with their armies and navies and air forces, are in a more difficult posture than the vanquished, without them. No better instance of this could be afforded than by citing the Reich, which has an army of 100,000 men and a fleet comprising 10,000 naval ratings and no air force. The Reich has taken all the knock it ever could take, arising out of unemployment caused by disarmament. It took it long ago, just after the Peace. The clearest manifestation of this knock you see, perhaps, jointly round Essen and round Koenigsberg. At the former the wheels of Krupp's revolve slowly in peace enterprise (very slowly just now); the East Prussian capital was the fount and home of the Prussian army and its martial life has long been stilled. The Germans are used to garrisonless life now. They have got an economic show going without it. With 5,000,000 unemployed, it is true, yet minus the spectre of a possible vast accretion to this figure, arising from disarmament ordinances. Of Hitler's 700,000 registered adherents, mostly young men, but a negligible proportion are employed regularly on the job; that is, would go on the unemployed list were Hitler ordered to dissolve his battalions.

Now turn to the obvious contrast, the dilemma of France, the well-armed. My informant of the Quai Wilson deems it quite improbable that a million would be thrown out of work in the Republic under a comprehensive disarmament plan. Yet consider. Every town in France has its garrison—some large, some small. Certain towns—Châlons, Bourges, Toulon, Brest, Cherbourg, Nancy, Metz, to name the more obvious—are "nearly all soldier or sailor." It so happens that M. Maginot, the week before he fell ill, wrote the first leader of a new review, *L'Armée Nouvelle*, launched to appeal to garrisons, and which one has only to peruse to see how closely the armed forces are locked with the economic life of the eighty-three departments. Round and about air camps, arsenals, training centres, barracks, tank and gas schools, and in the type of town instanced above there exists an entire portion of the civil population—café and store-keepers, restaurateurs, equipment shops, and so on—whose bread and butter depend on the presence of the uniformed clientele. Such a definite state of affairs prevails in no other land, and it dates back to the birth of conscription.

TRADES FOR TOMMIES: *The Army Vocational Training an opportunity for a serving soldier to fit himself for his return to ample of the fashion in which the British Army looks after the future before and after their discharge*

Similarly, take all the food and clothing provided. In the Nord are whole factories whose only job is horizon-blue. And then again, take the aircraft factories which would have to shut down because civil orders don't approach service ones; take the small-arms factories and those for shells and fuses, and the immense gun firm at Le Creusot; also the armour-plate firms which turn out a special hardened plate; and the naval tonnage whose stoppage would usher in a certain quiet in more than one port. Not long ago the Minister of Marine in a speech at Lorient said frankly that building must go on if only to stave off such stagnation. What No. 524 did recently on the Clyde is sufficient illustration. And one could instance, further, the upkeep of the great frontier defences whose building has employed tens of thousands for two years past.

The obvious retort to the above is that if the armed forces of France were dissolved or considerably reduced, the men forming them would not fade out, die, but would live to work another way; that is to say, would continue to give just as much employment to others as of yore—Roubaix producing civil clothes for them instead of uniforms, Schneider turning out weapons *pour la chasse*, and so on. But would this happen just so? Imagine all these men, mostly young, in civil clothes back in their "home towns." Would there be the same spending as occurs, say, in the merry, rowdy conscript world of a Toulon or a Châlons? *And would these men have jobs?*

It would mean the throwing on the market of several hundred thousand of them annually who are at present militarily detained, for a year anyway, and therefore not competitors for work during that period. However, as no measure of comprehensive disarming is at all likely, and as such manifestations of gradualness as come to be adopted will influence unemployment only over the years, it might be more profitable to leave the French case—after having indicated its glaring contrast to the German, a point of consequence which the French are fairly certain now to trot out—and to proceed on more general lines, although before doing so mention must be made of the Blackshirt Militia, over 400,000 strong and chiefly of the youth of the nation, which would otherwise be looking for jobs since it can no longer go to America. Less than 30,000 officers and O.R. are listed as regulars, yet it is no secret that not many of the remaining volunteers could carry on on their civil earnings alone. The disbanding of the Militia would introduce a serious additional

LLIONS IN WAR WORK—

What Disarmament Might Mean to the Employment Market Discussed by FERDINAND TUOHY

unemployment problem in Italy of a kind not dissimilar from the recent wholesale pensioning off of Spanish officers and reduction of the army.

The peace establishment of armies in Europe to-day is approximately 3,000,000 (taking into account immediately available reserves only). Of this grand total the late victors retain roughly 2,000,000 under arms, the late neutrals about 200,000, the late vanquished a like figure, and the Soviet some 600,000. The figures, rough as they are, show how unevenly the weight of unemployment would fall as disarming gained momentum. Moreover, the ardent pacifist must feel at a loss with his pet theme that armaments are wholly unproductive in the economic life of a nation when he is confronted by the towering place in the Five Year Plan occupied by the Red fighting forces. I quote from the Commissar of War, Voroshiloff :—

"The increase of the programme for pig iron from 10,500,000 to 17,000,000 tons, a corresponding increasing of the programme for steel, trebling the programme for producing tractors, doubling the programme for motor-cars, revision and increase of the programme for non-ferrous metals, chemicals, and all the basic branches of industry, this is not merely required by the latest progress of Socialist construction; it is a pledge for the strengthening of the fighting power of the State, of our Red Army."

Centre, Aldershot, offers civilian life — an ex- of its soldiers, both

WHAT OF THE MILITARY AND NAVAL TOWNS UNDER A REGIME OF DISARMAMENT? *An impression of Brest, one of the great naval centres of well-armed France, is one of the many cities dreading disarmament, for the very life of their citizens depends upon a uniformed clientele*

If this enormous link be so, why, it may well be asked, did the Soviet propose complete all-round disarmament? The answer to that is to be found, among other things, in the hopeless dislocation amounting to chaos which would have ensued in the employment world of the "capitalist Powers" had they succumbed to any such sweeping project.

If 3,000,000 men are in uniform to-day (and this without navies), can it be said that less than a further 7,000,000 are wholly dependent on them for their employment in all the contributing world of industry and commerce, down to buxom cooks who prepare the *poilus'* soup? The figure may well be far higher. As we have seen, it has never been inquired into; for aught we know 10,000,000 may be engaged in some form or another of war work, however remotely removed, in Europe to-day; and the vast majority of that number in two countries, France and Russia, with runners-up the Little Entente, Italy, Poland, Britain, in that order.

This preservation of armed forces by the victors is now becoming a menacing boomerang, as they are asked to disarm at a time when the finding of work for the disarmed offers the greatest difficulty. The unpalatable fact being, of course, that there appear to be more than enough men and women at work as it is; that the immediate prospect, indeed, is of these having to be reduced in number, rather than increased, before the all-conquering machine.

On the other hand, this is hardly the way such men as Sir Norman Angell look at it.

Sir Norman writes, *inter alia* :—

> It is *not* true to say that if we built no battleships there would be more unemployment than ever. Here is a battleship being constructed on the Tyne. Directly and indirectly hundreds of men are employed; their employment makes trade active. Bakers, butchers, shopkeepers of all trades are doing well. What is the use, says the ordinary man, of pretending that if you were not building that ship trade would not be worse? Let us see. Where does the money put in circulation by the building of the ship come from? It comes out of your pockets, out of the pockets of the taxpayer, that is. Even if you are not an income-taxpayer, every pound of tea, every ounce of tobacco that you buy helps to pay for the ship. What would happen to the money if the Government did not take it from you? You would—imperceptibly perhaps—raise your standard of life, either immediately or later, decide to do a few more theatres, or to get a new wireless set, or, more ambitiously, go in for a piano or a small motor-car, or what not; or start buying your house. But if the public were buying more boots, or books, or pianos, or motor-cars, or going to theatres, would not that be making work, giving employment, which in fact is not now being given? If the money spent on making battleships were spent on making the million houses that this country needs, if the iron were used in making a million bath-tubs and cooking-stoves and kettles and frying-pans and grid-irons, on making machinery for clothes that the people need and haven't got, and making the food they ought to eat and don't, would not all these and the unnumbered millions of things growing out of them "make work" just as much as the battleships?

It may be that Sir Norman has succumbed a little to his own enthusiasm, since all these things would have to be bought by the nation out of £115,000,000, our present annual expenditure on *all* armaments, and which total figure, representing a totally disarmed Britain, would be rather severely hypothecated by the labour sequel to disarmament before anything could be handed on to buy pianos and frying pans; aside from the circumstance that a goodly surviving portion of the £115,000,000 would go to people who pay income-tax and are already in possession of most of the perquisites above-mentioned, and aside also from the likelihood that these beneficiaries might easily put the money in banks.

In point of fact, here are some of the uses to which that £115,000,000 would first have to be put before any of it could be slipped back into our pockets by the Chancellor, to increase spending power and therefore give more work :—

> Soldiers and sailors would need to be compensated and trained for other work; earlier old age pensions, opening up employment for the new-comers, could come from the £115,000,000.

> Army stores, army rations and clothing. Where adjustment to civilian purposes could not be effected in an already packed market, firms would necessarily go out of business with attendant increase of the dole, also coming from the £115,000,000.

> Equipment, notably aircraft, small arms, steel. The two aircraft industries of wood-working and engineering could be transferred, if market conditions were favourable to other uses. Otherwise more dole. (The great impetus to civil aviation would be removed if service flying went.) The hope for small arms, shell and fuse factories, would be to elbow in and make such things as motor-cycle parts. Bullet and big gun plant would hardly be adaptable to anything, though an incursion into the very depressed locomotive trade could be essayed by firms making pieces of lesser calibre. The case of steel, of the special and otherwise useless heavy kind made at Sheffield, is no less problematical.

> Shipbuilding. The yards could be adapted to commercial needs if there were call for more keels. Unless an alternative industry were installed in such places as Barrow or Devonport the local population would needs make further inroads on the £115,000,000.

Handicaps to disarming, such as the above, would fortunately be mitigated by the very gradual nature of the process, but in view of the amount of relief and compensation that would almost certainly have to be distributed it might be rash — as the world of machines looks like revolving, obviating labour — to promise a great deal of that £115,000,000 for the re-fashioning of a new England. Too much of it would be earmarked by the mere shaking off of armaments.

That an improvement in the armaments question, conducive to a lightening of the present state of suspicion, would modify the general economic depression by the restoration of confidence, is self-evident, but to dangle prospects of more or less immediate and glowing personal benefits accruing from progressive disarmament seems hardly to find corroboration in the hard facts of the current world. Rather should the gradual reduction of armaments by the victors, at any rate, prove a stiff, uphill task. An essential in a highly involved problem is that already one immense transfer from War to Peace plant took place after the armistice, and that there is small room for a similar and second mammoth conversion to-day. The great and throbbing new industries of war-making were well and truly directed into peaceful channels hardly more than a decade ago. It is some satisfaction, therefore, to know—from the League—that the process of disarming will

(Continued on p. 136)

THE GARRISON TOWN *of the type of Nancy, seen above, is practically dependent on the military for its prosperity*

BERLIN'S WHITE-COLLAR UNEMPLOYED

In addition to the down-and-outs, the professional classes in Berlin are suffering acutely from unemployment. A special department of the Labour Exchange has been created to deal especially with this class of unfortunates, who are given the tools of their trades

"DO NOT STICK TO YOUR LAST" is the advice usually given to, but rarely taken by, the out-of-work professional men who haunt the bureau in the Labour Exchange in Berlin. Even when destitute, artists are Conservative

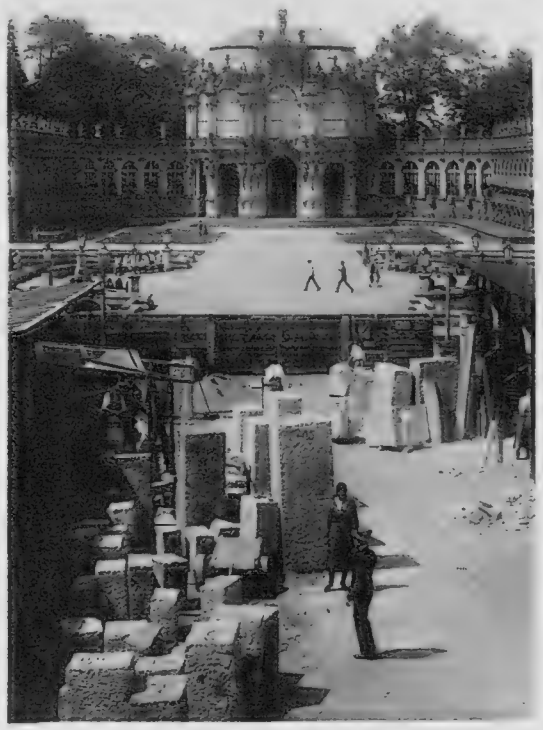
THE LABOUR EXCHANGE AS ARTISTS' AGENT: Artists get colours and canvases on proof of their ability from the Labour Exchange, which also attempts to dispose of work of merit. Money is never given away, owing to several unfortunate experiences

TESTIMONIALS ARE SUBMITTED: An actor presents his press-cuttings to the psychologist in charge of the Labour Bureau in the hope that a part—or, perhaps, a different job—may be given to him

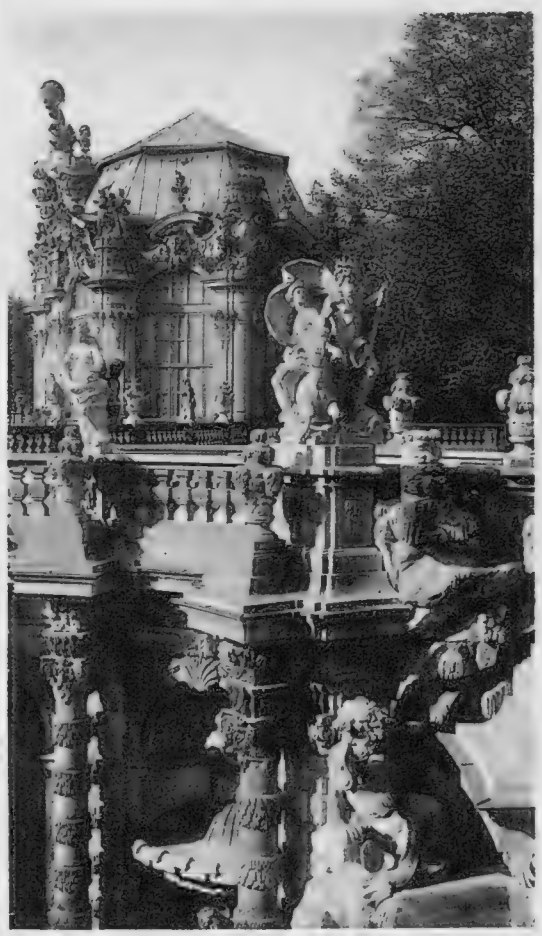
BROKEN ON THE WHEEL OF LIFE: A well-known painter in the waiting-room of the Professional Workers' Unemployment Bureau. New clothes and implements of work only are given to applicants

THE ZWINGER OF DRESDEN

THE MARBLE HALL in the Zwinger, built under Augustus the Strong of Saxony in 1711, has now been restored after 150 years of neglect and decay. It was designed as a festival hall



RESTORATION; Work in progress on the Zwinger. In the background is a section of the edifice already restored. The Zwinger was gutted by fire in 1849 and has endured for over a century as a museum



THE FLAMBOYANCE OF THE ROCOCO: Early XVIII century work is seen at its most ornate in this recently renovated balustrade in the Zwinger—a palace built in 1711 by Pöppelmann for Augustus

WOMEN OF RUMANIA

Mislea is the only women's prison in Rumania and it is filled mainly with those who have committed *crimes passionels*. The only relaxation from the rigid gaol discipline occurs when religious ceremonies are officially held

THE SEARCH FOR WEAPONS: Women convicts undergo a ruthless search before being escorted into the only women's prison in Rumania, situated in the oilfield area. Most of the convicts have taken life; all are taught a trade

RIGID DISCIPLINE is the order of the day in the only women's prison in Rumania. All convicts have to work at a trade and the great majority of the convicts have long sentences to serve

Ewing Galloway

REBECCAS OF RUMANIA: Peasant women at a well in a cross-roads village. A large cart-wheel takes the place of a crank on the windlass that raises and lowers the old oaken bucket

Ewing Galloway

WOMEN'S WORK IN RUMANIA: The *paysannes* carry their produce to village or town markets on foot. This picture shows a surprisingly rural scene on the outskirts of Bucharest

MENACE ON THE N.W. FRONTIER

This article by Vernon Blair was written a few months ago and deals with the organization that is now, with the recrudescence of firmness in our Indian policy, being handled in a happily decisive fashion. The Red Shirt Army is being assailed and Abdul Ghaffar Khan is already under arrest.

Red shirts. The title has been constructed to mean some strange thing. The colour of their opinions is said in some quarters to have given cause for the colour of their so-called uniforms. Yet red in the North-west Frontier Province is no indication of Bolshevism, and, if the truth be told, the colour of their shirts is due mainly to the ease with which shirts can be dyed.

The village was quiet. A few children were playing in the shade of the mango trees, and came running over happily to see the strange advent of a motor-car and an Englishman.

Half an hour went by. The principals of the Red Shirt Army were perhaps polishing their buttons. Then they came, a little swaggering procession.

First came the "General," self-appointed. He explained to the inspector that he was in complete control of the army now that Abdul Ghaffar Khan was travelling. With him a dour, sturdy Pathan, who answered to the title of the Major. With him a nondescript crowd of men, young and old, some in proper uniforms, tunics, and shorts, some in their ordinary jackets dyed red.

Yes, it was the day of the parade. Perhaps at eleven, perhaps at two in the afternoon, they would all be on parade. How many? Perhaps fifty, perhaps a hundred, perhaps even two hundred. But there was a funeral that day in the village, and it was thought that the ranks of the army would be depleted by the demands of respect.

Photographs? Why not? They would make a good photograph, said the inspector, interpreting, though there might be some trouble from those members of the army who might for various reasons be averse to their features being given too much publicity. And, he added, it was wise to be polite to the army. He interspersed his remarks liberally with that magic word pronounced "mirbani."

It may mean "I'm sorry," or "thank you." It might mean that "you are very kind" or "would you please do this." The inspector seemed to think its use was justified. I tried it myself, with excellent results, considering it was the only word they understood.

Headquarters staff went back to their office. The General was shouting and waving his stick, and several of the small boys were dispatched to the outskirts of the village to remind the rank and file that this was parade day. A bugle blew, and the last notes wavered and hung tremulously in the heavy atmosphere. Half a dozen small boys with their thin clothes daubed with red paint came running to see the fun. An old man, erect as a ramrod, marched proudly down the middle of the street, Sam Browne and belt awry, puggaree dyed the deepest crimson, puttees scarlet, shorts of deepest red, and the inevitable "chaplies" or country-made sandals.

Here was the tragedy of the Red Shirt Army. That man was an ex-British soldier. His bearing and his proud face betrayed his years of service under the British flag.

He had left the Indian Army, and he had felt lost and forlorn without the cheerful companionship of military life. His whole being cried out for the pride of being on parade. So the Red Shirt Army, sometimes visualized as the fancy dress joke of the Frontier, but far more serious in its possibilities, had secured another recruit.

By half past two, when the sun was blazing from dead overhead, and the whole village quivered in the heat of 115 degrees in the shade, there were sixty or so men on the village square, a huge flag, and a small mascot. Also, there were nearly a hundred villagers. By four my pictures were taken and we left, with many more "mirbanis," and the Red Shirt Army, breaking its ranks, swarmed along the dusty road in a disorderly array after the funeral down the road.

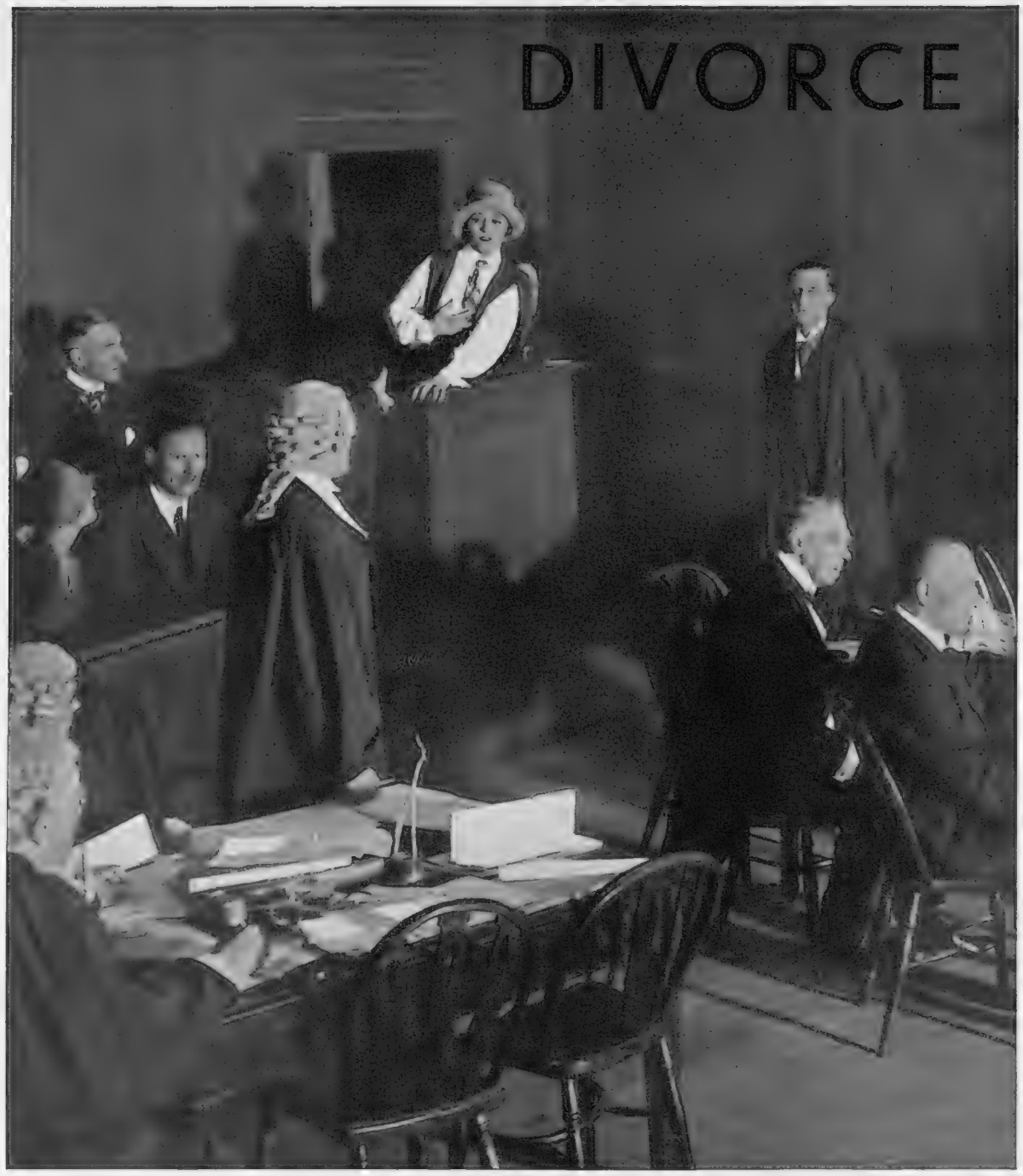
THE RED SHIRT ARMY AT UTMANZAI: A small detachment in their scarlet uniforms which do not symbolize Bolshevism but the militant blazon of a fighting race. Shorts, puttees, and puggaree are all red, while the footgear is the inevitable *chaplies* or country-made sandals. The force is recruited from malcontents of all kinds, but it has a stiffening (which makes it dangerous) of ex-members of the Indian army whose spiritual homes are the parade ground or the battlefield

A PROBLEM OF THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER: A fully armed Khattak Red-Shirt, a member of a tribe which only recently became involved in the unofficial army whose sole purpose is to be "agin the Government"

POW-WOW UNDER THE FLAG: A group of the Red Shirt Army seated under a revolutionary flag of large size. This and the other photographs were obtained by "The Sphere's" correspondent after a plentiful use of the word "Mirbani"

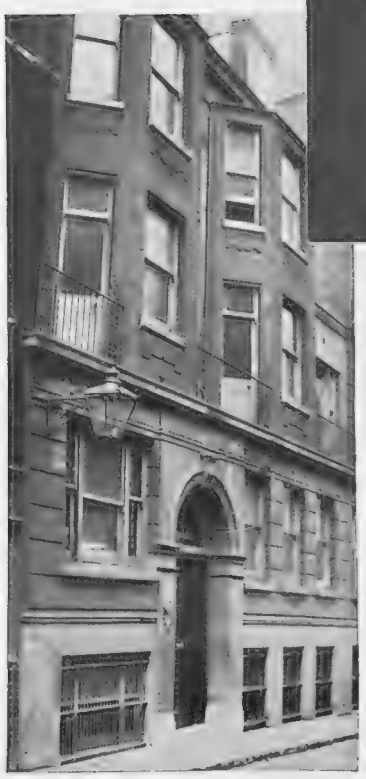
THE RANK AND FILE: The remarkable diversity in age shows the breadth of the appeal made by the possibility of war to the militant races of the North-West Frontier. The military stance of one white beard eloquently testifies to a training in the Indian Army

A YOUNG KHROATI: In addition to the ex-privates of the Indian Army, the wild and lawless races of the hills —Pathans, Afghans, etc.—other tribes have been drawn into the Red Shirt Army



AN ORDEAL NOW ROBBED OF ITS TERRORS OF PUBLICITY: A scene, featuring Miss Jeanne de Casalis, from *Potiphar's Wife*, wherein the Divorce Court was represented on the stage. The sensational scenes, with their attendant and even more sensational reports in the newspapers—one of the greatest determents to divorce—are now things of the past. A divorce to-day is free from the publicity that characterized such fairly recent actions as the Russell, the Carnarvon, and the Raper cases—a mere *précis* alone now being permitted to appear in the Press

THE KING'S PROCTOR: Sir Maurice Gwyer, whose office is the most un-English under the Crown. With the advent of the "Mercy of Merrivale," however, his function is, to-day, almost entirely the checking of perjury



THE OFFICE OF THE KING'S PROCTOR: The building in Old Queen Street whence the "man who lives on scandal" directs the operation of his private sleuths

I went to yet another wedding at St. Margaret's, Westminster, last week. It was, once again, just like a fashionable revue. The leader of the Decani, or was it the Cantores, beat time with his hand for the choir to sing nicely. The altar was swathed in white lilies and orange-coloured poinsettias. A queue of Society editresses stood at the church door and licked their lips as they noted down half the famous names in England. There was the bridal music from *Lohengrin*, and soon the clergyman who officiated announced "Those whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder." Afterwards there was the crowded reception and the Pommery, 1921. But I was feeling a trifle cynical.

That morning, a lovely sunny day which made Paris pale in comparison with London, I had walked from Marble Arch through Hyde Park and then across to the Green Park. White, fluttering seagulls, stolid stupid pelicans, shabby little sparrows, valuable Mandarin drakes, prolific pigeons, and squawking starlings beguiled my way. Old women threw them bread. Young women wheeled perambulators. Even down-and-outs whom I had helped to feed at midnight on the Embankment forgot their misfortunes and shuffled along almost cheerfully. Children rolled hoops. Puppies gambolled. It seemed that Spring was not far away!

And then I crossed by Storey's Gate. Facing you there is the Institute of Mechanical Engineers. Next door is a flight of steps leading up to a plain glass-topped door over which is written H.M. Procurator-General and Treasury Solicitor. Walking down a winding passage towards Old Queen Street, I found a stuffy little room and an old Scotch attendant. "I should like to speak to the King's Proctor," I said. He went away. A few minutes later he returned. "The Assistant King's Proctor," he said, "regrets that he can give you no information." I was not surprised.

The previous day I had been speaking to one of the most fashionable and successful solicitors, who specializes in divorce cases. "They never will tell you anything at Storey's Gate," he said. "The office of King's Proctor is the only un-English custom left in England. They rely almost entirely on anonymous letters to secure the information which may lead to an official intervention on behalf of the King's Proctor. They are always written by spiteful, malicious people. As the King's Proctor is maintained by public funds, he seldom, if ever, intervenes unsuccessfully. On an average the King's Proctor intervenes about once in every ten cases.

"The present holder of the office is Sir Maurice Gwyer. I repeat, the King's Proctor has to employ methods which are largely un-English. They consist of private espionage based on information secured from vindictive people. I should say, off-hand, that there are between eighty and one hundred detectives employed by the King's Proctor. And their time is fully occupied. I do not know what they are paid. But I can tell you that I pay my own private detectives 2 or 3 guineas a day when I am getting evidence for clients. At the present minute, incidentally they are all busy. I do not know whether it is because a lot of people are spending some of their income-tax money due this month on getting divorces. But the fact remains that there is a tremendous rush to secure evidence for divorce and judicial separations just now."

TO-DAY:

Later on I spoke to an elderly and experienced barrister who specializes in divorce work. "There are," he said, "two or three reasons why divorce has increased so much in the last few years. The public probably thinks that it is largely due to the fact that newspapers are no longer allowed to print succulent details of divorce cases as they used to do when Almina Lady Carnarvon's case, and Mrs. John Russell's, were heard. This is evidently a large factor. But it pales into obscurity when compared with two other changes of the past few years. The first reason of the increase is that misconduct alone can now be put forward as a sufficient reason for divorce.

"The other, and still more important cause is the famous rule made by Lord Merrivale (then Sir Henry Duke) in the Wilson v. Wilson case. On this occasion the judge ruled that when the guilty petitioner is the husband, and the court is convinced of his *bona fides*, the following facts can be taken into consideration :—

(1) The position and interest of the child.
(2) The interest of the woman with whom misconduct took place—that she may be in a position to marry the guilty petitioner.
(3) The fact that the withholding of a decree will not be likely to reconcile husband and wife.
(4) The interest of the husband himself—that he may re-marry and live a respectable life."

This learned advocate went on to say that the discretion of the Court is now used so widely and wisely that if people tell the truth they nearly always get a divorce. Altogether, the interest of the respondent is being taken care of in an ever-extending way. The King's Proctor succeeds when people tell lies which can be proved to be such. As such, in order to prevent perjury, he is more useful than ever. For it must always be remembered that misconduct being a quasi-criminal offence, a petitioner cannot ever be asked in court whether he has ever committed misconduct unless he has specifically denied it.

Lord Merrivale, whom I went to hear a few minutes later, is considered one of the finest figures that English justice has ever produced. He is a very great man in every sense of the word. He began his career as a reporter, but when he was called to the Bar it is said that a dozen briefs awaited him on his very first day. As an advocate he was overwhelming. Now he is President of the Divorce Court, the "Mercy of Merrivale" may very well become a catch-phrase even in his lifetime.

But come with me to the Divorce Courts, in the new wing of the Royal Courts of Justice. Twenty-three romances, love affairs, marriages—call them what you like—are being polished off in twice as many minutes. Few, if any, of them began in such a grand and flower-banked setting as the wedding I had witnessed at St. Margaret's, Westminster. But none the less, the vast majority took place in church, with the full church ritual and all the happy auguries that one expects. Turning to your right down a long stone passage you pass two sets of swing doors and enter a large square court-room with oak panelling up to twelve feet from the ground. It looks like any King's Bench court-room except for the emblematic anchor which hangs behind and above the judge's head against the back wall. That is symbolic of the fact that Admiralty (as well as Probate) cases are heard here. The roof is high and formed of glass squares with intersecting bars. The witness box is covered with a small roof which seems to project unusually far. There is a book-case on either side of the court. Set high up in the walls are three tall cathedral-like windows (except that they are not made of stained glass) which let in the light on two sides of the court. On the judge's long high desk are two green-shaded electric standard lamps. On the right, as you look, are the two short-hand writers, grey-haired but alert. The first three or four rows of the seats are filled with bewigged barristers. Lord Merrivale, with his great booming voice still reminiscent of his native Devonshire, sits in judgment as a pretty smartly dressed woman steps into the witness box and answers the following questions :—

What is your name?
Where do you live?
When were you married?
Have you any children?
How many?
Were you happy at first with your husband?
What happened then?
Did he start to stay out late at night?
Did you complain?
Did he leave you?
Did he send you a letter and a hotel bill?
Is this his handwriting?
Is this his photograph?

The "Mercy of Merrivale," which has Coincided with the "No Press Publicity" Edict of the Divorce Court, has Operated to Make of the Severing of Unhappy Marriage Ties a Matter of Decent Privacy

By CHARLES GRAVES

She then left the box, and an even smarter chambermaid took her place. Her questions were:

What is your name?
Where are you employed?
Do you remember serving a man and woman early morning tea in bed?
Is this the photograph of the man?

She, too, left the witness box, and within two minutes of the opening of the case it was all over and the decree *nisi* granted.

From this résumé you will see that, brief though the proceedings were, the case was completely proved and damning evidence given. It is true that Lord Merrivale's mercy is not always looked upon kindly by solicitors. In the case of Woolf v. Woolf, which was taken up to a higher Court, a ruling was made that if a man passes the night with a woman at a hotel misconduct *must* be inferred.

But let us leave the Divorce Courts for the moment and return to the solicitor whom I quoted in the first instance. "Divorce is nothing like as expensive as most people think," he will tell you. "It should not cost more than £70 to £120 in ordinary circumstances. If hotel evidence is not offered by the respondent it may be expensive work hiring detectives at £2 a day, and if the misconduct takes place some way from London you must add to that the cost of transporting witnesses to and from their homes. I am referring, of course, to simple undefended cases. There is also the possibility that a divorce involves a variation of a marriage settlement, a procedure which will necessitate the parties going to Court, so that the petitioner and/or the children will not suffer loss under the alteration of the settlement. This is, of course, particularly the case when the substance of the settlement is provided by the guilty party.

"With regard to the detectives, they are mostly retired Scotland Yard men. There are many good firms, while a few are liable to blackmail you. Fifty per cent. of them are intelligent, and eighty per cent. of them rather fancy themselves as Sherlock Holmeses. Their business is by no means confined to watching and shadowing persons suspected of misconduct. They must interview servants and tradespeople, taking statements whenever required. Personally, I employ four of them permanently."

The solicitor then produced the latest figures available in connection with divorce. Here they are. In the year 1930 there were 1,272 husbands' petitions granted in London and 326 outside London, compared with 1,136 and 282 in 1929. The corresponding figures for wives' petitions were 1,684 and 440 compared with 1,208 and 386, making a grand total of 3,722 compared with 3,012. At this point the solicitor raised the burning question of men who allow themselves to be divorced because they think it chivalrous. "It is the biggest nonsense and the greatest possible mistake for a man to do this," he said. "Setting aside the fact that an officer in the Army or Navy automatically must send in his papers if he is divorced, the fact remains that stigma still attaches to a man, particularly if he be in public life, who has given cause for himself to be divorced—even though he only does this because he is too nice and respectable to continue a marriage that has become loathsome to him, and even though his wife may have taken a lover.

JUDGES OF THE DIVORCE COURT: The Hon. Mr. Justice Langton and Lord Merrivale, President of the Divorce Court. The history of the recent evolution of divorce practice may be summed up in the phrase, the "Mercy of Merrivale," for this great judge's humanity has become proverbial

"I hope, personally, that I have all the instincts of a gentleman, but I really consider this chivalry extremely misguided, especially as men who allow themselves to be divorced are liable to forget about their children as well as a third of their income. The person who successfully petitions for divorce automatically gets control of the children. A father may dote on his children, but if he allows himself to be divorced the law says that he has no say in their upbringing, although he is a far better parent than the 'innocent' wife. *Even though a wife who contemplates divorce proceedings against her husband may make an agreement that the husband may have custody of children, she can go back on her agreement at any time after the divorce proceedings have started and the Court will uphold her, giving the husband redress. Not many people know this trap into which 'chivalry' can fall.* All a husband can do is to get a measure of access to them for a few days a year, and in this respect the Court is liable to be very sparing.

"Despite all these disadvantages, certain men in public life prefer taking this course to defending an action which may be dirty. For there is bound to be a certain amount of opportunities for blackmail. It was only a few years ago that the wife of a well-known man threatened to cite about twenty-five innocent co-respondents in order to force him into agreeing not to defend the case. While on this subject, I might point out that there is a very considerable increase in applications for judicial separation as opposed to divorce. In about seventy per cent. of these cases there is a certain amount of pressure brought to bear on the husband in order to persuade him to pay a larger alimony. The Court, however, is growing wise to this, and is beginning to ask with increasing severity why a wife who knows that her husband has committed misconduct does not divorce him out of hand. Of course, the excuse of religious scruples can be, and frequently is, brought forward. But I, too, am often suspicious about them. Here, again, if a husband defends an action, anything wrong that he has done in the past is bound to come out and destroy his credit."

Many other points in connection with divorce were made by this solicitor. He told me of one or two instances where a husband who was intending to supply hotel evidence lavishly over-tipped all the servants, and in particular the maid who brought him his early morning tea, so that there would be no chance of anyone forgetting his visit. Unfortunately, the exact opposite happened. The servants were so grateful for his generosity that they decided it would be most unfair to give him away and resolutely refused, one and all, to recognize him—much to his chagrin.

Another point he emphasized is that divorce lawyers never supply a female accessory to the hotel bill evidence. "It is just like the Indian rope trick," he said. "People always tell you of other people who have experienced it, but they never have seen it themselves." This, however, I take with a small grain of salt. I can quite believe, however, that on occasion "the woman in the case" is not infrequently the wife herself! Cases have been known where the sister of the husband accompanied him to supply the hotel bill. He told me it is affairs like this which reduce to absurdity the edict of the law which says "Thou *shalt* break the Seventh Commandment."

England is the only country where the law insists on misconduct. Disease, habitual drunkenness, and cruelty are considered good and sufficient reasons for divorce in other countries. In France, of course, the divorce proceedings are entirely private. Newspapers cannot even publish the findings of the judge.

Another feature of divorce actions is that they nearly always are started either after the first year, or after the seventh year, or again, after the fourteenth. Out of a hundred cases every year with which this solicitor deals about 20 per cent. are dropped before they reach the Courts. Husbands discover that, even if they are divorcing their wife, they must pay the costs unless she has a separate estate. They also awaken to the legal consequences of connivance and collusion. Collusion may be defined as the relationship of a husband and wife who go into consultation with each other about securing a divorce. Connivance is not quite so strong a term. It can be defined as an effort towards collusion. Wives are informed by their solicitors that they have no right to encourage their husbands to divorce, especially if they benefit financially by the result.

Domicile is another thorn in the flesh of people who wish to get divorced. This is the legal term for the permanent place of residence. In the ordinary course of events, the wife automatically takes her husband's domicile. By contrast, if a wife takes a lover and settles down in Paris, where she consequently gets a permanent residence, she cannot petition her husband in England.

MR. JUSTICE BATESON: The stern face of the legal luminary, symbolic of the impartiality of the law, which looks down upon a world of erring men and women

There is also the tricky question of condonation. If a couple live together again after the offending party has been forgiven there is an implied understanding that the offending party will not do it again—well, that is all right. But if the offending party offends again, the previous misconduct can be taken into account again. Condonation can be accepted only once.

Incidentally, the Court wants a good and sufficient reason if there is any delay in the proceedings. Ill-health, a desire to remain together at all costs, the birth of a child, or religious scruples which are afterwards overcome will, however, be accepted. For, as the barrister pointed out, judges' opinions develop with the times. Our law is unwritten. Precedent is mobile. Judges are much more liberally minded than even ten years ago in discretionary cases, and if the admitted misconduct takes place after the other party has committed misconduct it is nearly always viewed sympathetically by the Court.

And so we come to the Poor Persons' Procedure, where legal aid is given free by the Law Society to people whose income is under £4 a week and whose total fortune, including their personal belongings, is not more than £50. It is an eye-opener to learn that nearly 70 per cent. of the cases in which free legal aid is sought are in connection with divorce. This free aid has been available for six years now. Every possible precaution is taken by the various committees to ensure that only deserving persons are assisted.

In order to have the experience of this side of the divorce problem, too, I went to the Divorce Courts again and heard Lord Merrivale and Mr. Justice Finlay dealing with a number of Poor Person cases which had been sent up for legal argument from divisional courts. In one instance a man was trying to persuade his wife to return to him although she had had an operation and did not love him any more. The case was argued with great earnestness and at great length and was finally made to stand over until the Midsummer sittings, though not before Lord Merrivale allowed the wife to have £5 out of the poor box. That is English justice at its best.

The other case was of a man who lived on his mother's farm and wanted to reduce his weekly payments to his wife. Evidence was read out to the effect that she had been refused even a piece of bread and butter, and that when she went out to friends to get

(Continued on p. 136)

THE ERRING WIFE: A scene, featuring Miss Frances Doble, from a recent Edgar Wallace drama. Under the new regulations, episodes centring upon figures flitting down dusky corridors do not form part of one's daily or nightly reading in the newspapers, although a visit to a hotel may form part and parcel of the vital divorce evidence. The equally inevitable private detective employed, however, may prove a two-edged weapon—blackmail being the reverse edge—as Mr. Graves points out above

THE LAST OF THE OTTOMAN CALIPHS: Abdul Mejid with his daughter—a picture reproduced in "The Sphere" of March 15, 1924. This was taken just after his exile by Kemal. The little girl is now the bride of the heir of the Nizam of Hyderabad and one of the favourites in the Caliphate States

WHO WILL WEAR the MANTLE of the PROPHET?

The Many Claimants to the Lordship of Islam

By WILLIAM J. MAKIN

A revolution ended the great reign of the Caliphs. An ambitious young Turkish military officer, Kemal Pasha, became dictator of what was left of the Turkish Empire. He ruthlessly abolished the fez in favour of bowlers and felt hats, he divorced his dancing-girl wife, and finally abolished the office of Caliph itself. The Muslims had no need of a spiritual head. He ignored the pleadings of the last Caliph of all, Abdul Mejid. He quietly suggested to that devout person that he and his family would doubtless discover that a cheap *pension* on the Riviera was infinitely safer than an intriguing palace in Constantinople.

That is the situation to-day. The 250,000,000 men who daily genuflect towards Mecca have no spiritual head. Meetings have been held in Cairo, which Muslims from all over the world have attended. The Indian Khalifate Committee, under the stern rule of the famous Ali brothers, have also discussed this dreadful hiatus in the rule of the Caliphs which has never before existed. There have been intrigues in the coffee-houses of Teheran and fights in the narrow streets of Kabul. The whole Muslim world, from New York to New Guinea, has discussed the need for a new Caliph. And the man is still to be found.

Recently a whisper passed among the 250,000,000. A new Caliph has been found. He is a young man, and one day will be the richest man in the whole world. This young man is being urged to become Caliph and rule the whole Muslim world. It is a spiritual throne that might stagger the imagination of most men. The ambitious would seize it with both hands. But the history of the Caliphs is one of blood, torture, and massacre throughout hundreds of years. Few Caliphs have died peacefully. Some have had their eyes put out, others have been disfigured by the sword, and more than one have been poisoned. This young man of to-day, educated in the best English traditions, hesitates.

He is Sahibzada Nawab Azam Jah, aged 24, and the son and heir to the Nizam of Hyderabad, the greatest and richest of all the Indian princes. Recently, outside Nice, in a Muslim decorated villa, he married the daughter of the last of the Caliphs, the daughter of Abdul Mejid. He is young and handsome. She is one of the most beautiful girls of the unveiled era in Turkey. Although only 22 years old she can speak eight languages fluently. When the present Nizam of Hyderabad dies he will leave to this young man the greatest fortune in the world and the greatest of all Indian States. The young man will possess an income of more than ten million pounds a year, and, what is more important in India, a salute of twenty-one guns to greet him everywhere as against a mere nineteen for the lesser princes. And yet he hesitates.

For, even in his short lifetime, he has seen the folly of those who have presumed to wear the traditional black mantle of the Prophet. When on March 3, 1924, the Turkish National Assembly under Kemal Pasha voted a decree abolishing for ever the institution of the Caliphs, one old man in a palace overlooking the sacred Kaaba shouted with joy. He was Husain, King of the Hedjaz, a man who owed his throne to the fighting qualities and astute diplomacy of Lawrence of Arabia. It was the Treaty of Versailles that had made Husain, King of the Hedjaz. But the great Arabia of his dreams, and of Lawrence, he had seen partitioned among the French, the Zionists, and the British. When Kemal Pasha kicked the last Caliph out of Turkey, this old man decided to claim the spiritual throne himself. He had coveted it since 1915. It would recompense him for the loss of his territorial dreams.

Only three days after that decree by the Turkish National Assembly King Husain caused it to be declared from his palace in Mecca that he had humbly submitted to the will of his people and of the Almighty in assuming the style and title of "Prince of the Faithful and Successor of the Prophet." Then the old man spent a day sitting by his greatest toy, the telephone, which was linked with Jidda. Over that same telephone, from a house in Jidda, Lawrence of Arabia some years previously had talked with the old man and planned the beginning of his great campaign. Now the telephone in the palace tinkled to the congratulations of Arab officials in Jidda, who flattered the old man's vanity by telling him that messages were pouring in from the whole Muslim world welcoming with enthusiasm the new Caliph.

But actually, that declaration in the heart of Mecca echoed a war-cry in the desert beyond. From out of the waste of sandhills came those fierce fanatics, the Wahabis. The Wahabis are the purists in religion. They believe in the Koran to the letter. They believe in fasting and prayer and fierce fighting. They disdain luxury. They neither drink wine nor smoke. And adultery among them is punishable by death. They are the fiercest warriors of the desert. They kill without mercy and die gladly with the gleam of Paradise in their eyes. Their leader was a man of many victories, Ibn Sa'ud.

The old man who had dared to call himself Caliph sent his son forth from Mecca to stop the progress of these mad Muslims of the desert. Ali, the son, failed and fell back towards Mecca. When King Husain heard of the failure he cursed his son and refused to see the beaten youth as he passed through Mecca with the remnants of his army. Ali passed on to the coast and reached the port of Jidda, which he hurriedly placed in a state of defence. With him he had three Russian aviators with antiquated aeroplanes. These made periodic raids against the enemy, but knowing the fate that awaited them if they fell among the fanatics they dropped their bombs from a preposterous height without much effect.

The old man who had dared to assume the black mantle of the Prophet remained in the old palace at Mecca. But the time had come to abdicate. With a curse he named Ali, his son, as successor. He left Mecca for the last time in a closed car bristling with armed men, and was driven by the pilgrim route to Jidda. A week later he was safely aboard a British gunboat in the Red Sea with all his family.

A few days later, yelling their war-cry, the desert fanatics charged into Mecca. With drawn swords they rushed up and down the narrow streets of the town, dragging enemies forth and executing them on the spot. They also proceeded to demolish various tombs and other historic places of pilgrim visitation in and around Mecca. Their stern desert religion had no place for such outrageous idolatry, they said. Kissing tombs and the worship of yellowed bones was not in the true spirit of the Koran. On December 5, 1924, the chief of the Wahabis, Ibn Sa'ud, dressed in the humble garb of a pilgrim, entered Mecca for the first time in his life. To-day he is King of the Hedjaz and the most powerful monarch in all Arabia.

Ali, the son of the old man, made a desperate stand in Jidda. But despite his three Russian aviators, his Turkish adventurers, and the tacit help of a few Europeans, his fate was sealed. Actually he held out until January 6, 1925, but at a terrible cost.

It ended with Ali following his father into exile. The old man, Husain, died in June last year. He who had been eight years a king, and only six months a Caliph, who had lived all his life in Mecca and within sight of the sacred Khaaba, was buried in the home of Christendom—Jerusalem.

Perhaps the most likely Caliph of the future is the present conqueror of the holy places of Mecca and Medina — King Ibn Sa'ud himself. The Caliphs began in Mecca; maybe they will end in Mecca. Ibn Sa'ud is the greatest man in the Arabian desert to-day. Consistently British officialdom in Whitehall has minimized his importance. The views of Lawrence, of Gertrude Bell and others have been content to ignore this chief of a fanatical desert tribe. And yet, to-day he is all-powerful. He is the one man in the Muslim world who has the power to proclaim himself Caliph and whose army is sufficiently strong to defend him against any aggressors.

But there is a mystery Englishman in Arabia who shakes his head and smiles at such ambitions. This mystery Englishman is the bane of all French diplomatists. They call him "Le Faiseur des Rois," for it is undoubtedly due to his diplomacy in the desert that Ibn Sa'ud is a powerful king to-day. This Englishman is Mr. H. St. John Philby, and his wanderings and excursions into Arabia Deserta are infinitely more exciting and adventurous than those of any other living European, not excepting Lawrence. He is friend and adviser to Ibn Sa'ud, and so powerful is his influence that he considered it advisable to resign from the British service, of which he has been a faithful servant for many years. Now he lives in a big ramshackle house in Jidda, surrounded with the luxury of an Arabian prince and with a wine-cellar that even a first-class restaurant in Paris might envy.

He shakes his head when it is suggested that Ibn Sa'ud might claim the mighty title of Caliph and wear the black mantle.

"If any Arab ruler since the Prophet ever merited the proud but simple title of Caliph," he says, "Abdul Aziz Ibn Abdul Rahman Ibn Sa'ud is assuredly such a one. Yet he covets not the title, though in many respects qualified to hold it with distinction either for himself or his heirs; and the office itself as having long been in *de facto* abeyance since the spread of European domination over many Muslim communities and lands centuries before the formal abolition of the Caliphate by the Turkish Republican Government in 1924. The Prophet's mantle may be worn by him who can defend and protect the Prophet's people the world over; and such a task is beyond the modest capacity of the Wahabi King, who is content to be ruler of the Arabs, keeper of God's house on earth in the holy city of Mecca, and defender of the true faith in the land of its birth."

Which, as the French diplomatists in Syria say, sticking out their tongues, is just *blague*. France, of course, is as much concerned over the selection of a new Caliph as Britain. Their Muslim dominions have been considerably enlarged since the Great War. And their pilgrim traffic from North Africa grows yearly in numbers. But Britain's commitments east and south of Suez make the matter of the Caliphate an affair of high diplomacy. It is even rumoured that they are prepared to offer a sort of "Vatican City" at Jerusalem for the use of a Caliph who achieves the consent of those 250,000.000 Muslims,

In the coffee-houses of Bagdad it has been freely suggested that King Feisul of Irak, that man whom Lawrence at his first meeting decided was "the leader who would bring the Arab revolt to full glory," should be offered the position. But Feisul failed against the French diplomats in Syria, and would have disappeared in the welter of desert warfare if Lawrence and his friends had not found him a throne in Bagdad. The Arabs of the Hedjaz are not likely to welcome him as Caliph. The Caliphs of Bagdad, they say, have had their day.

There is the present Shah of Persia, Reza Khan, but he is too busy preventing the growth of Republicanism in Persia to bother himself with the world troubles that would come with the Caliphate. There is King Fuad of Egypt. But here is a brave man who is constantly facing possible assassination. It is enough that he blesses the Holy Carpet as it sets out each year on its pilgrimage to Mecca.

One man who might have achieved the Caliphate is now a miserable, petulant exile under the guard of French soldiers in the island of Reunion in the Indian Ocean. Abd-el-Krim was once a great adventurer of the Muslim world. He gambled against the power of Europe—and lost. The followers of the Prophet dismiss him.

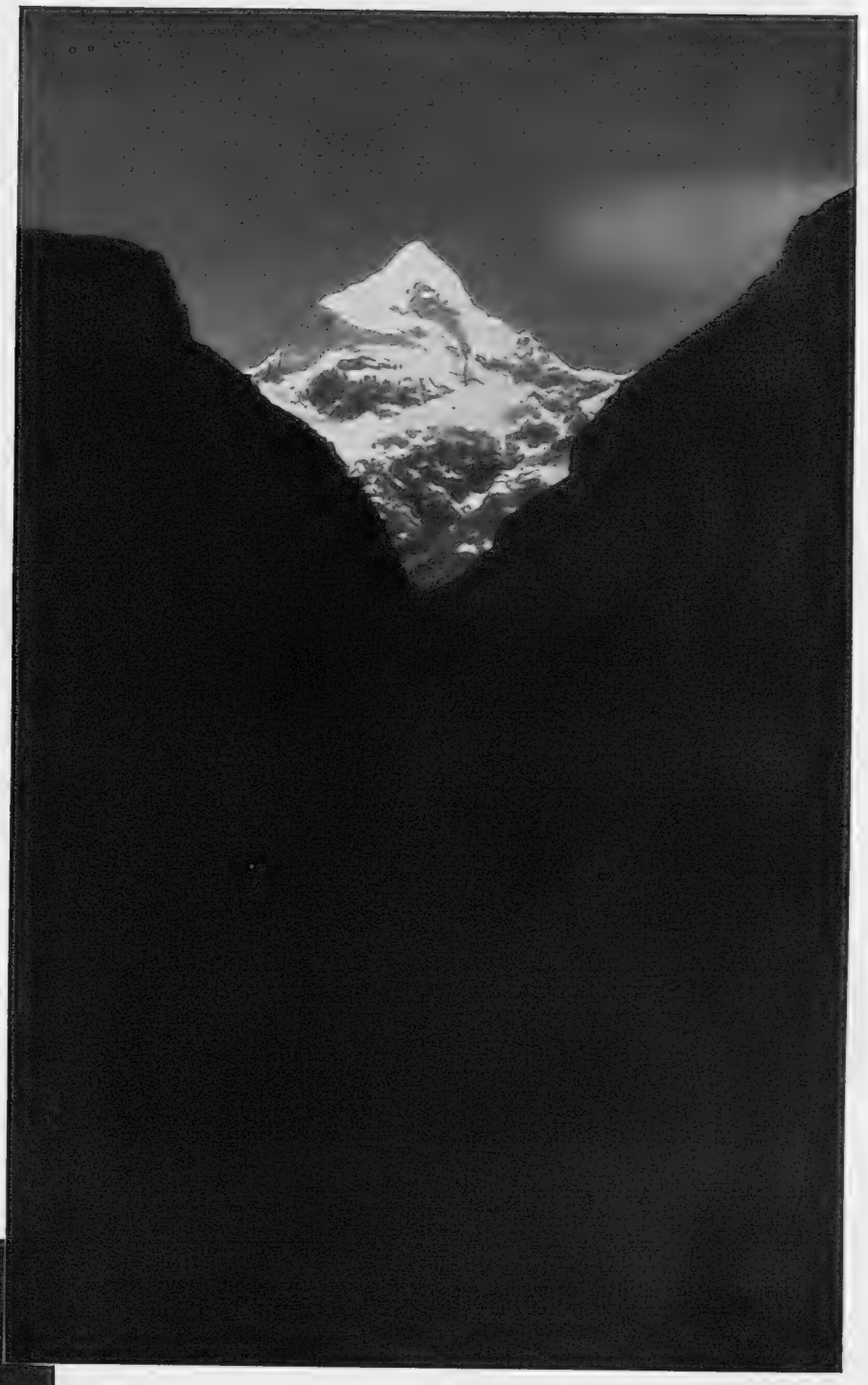
There remains the young man who has married the daughter of the last Turkish Caliph. The wedding took place in Nice, at the Palais Carabacel, a villa standing in the suburb of Cimiez, which has been rented by the ex-Caliph. The ceremony was in the Muslim tradition, and the eyes of the whole Muslim world were upon it.

THE SIX MONTHS' CALIPH: The late King Husain of the Hedjaz whose Caliphate was cut short by the swords of the Wahabis under Ibn Sa'ud

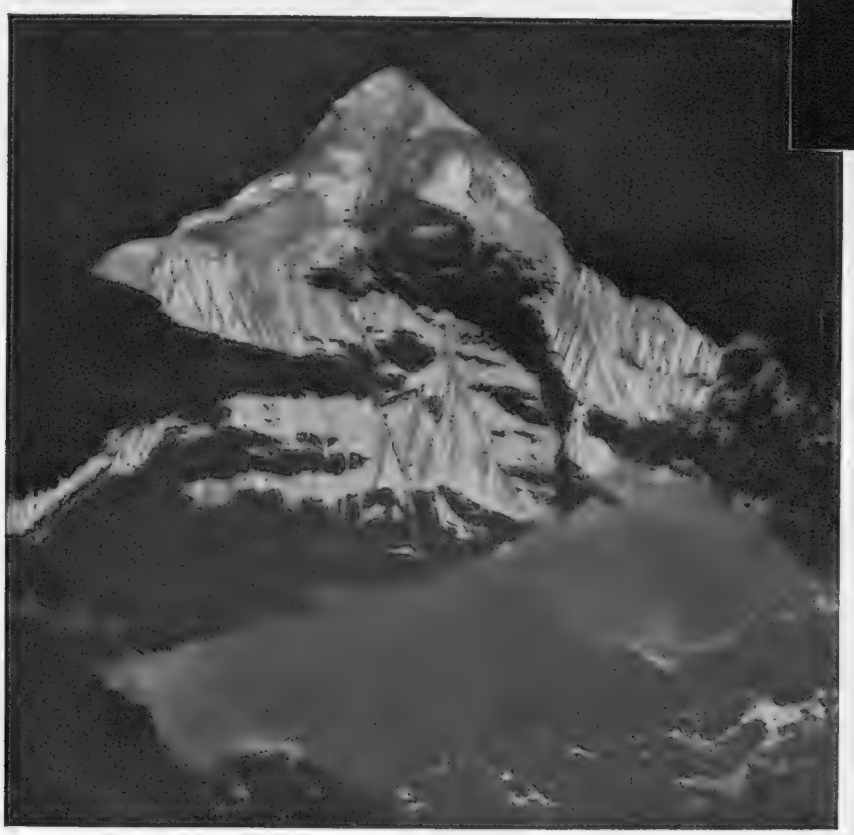
NIGHT on the HIMALAYA

Pictures Taken by Mr. F. S. Smythe during the Recent Triumphantly Successful Mount Kamet Expedition

MOTHER GANGES: The great sacred river of India passes through a series of gorges immediately below Badrinath, a place of reverence to which thousands of pilgrims repair annually for ritual ablutionary exercises



ONE OF THE LOVELIEST PEAKS IN THE WORLD: Nilkanta (21,000 ft.) taken, with a 20 minute exposure, from Badrinath during the recent Mount Kamet Expedition. The peak ranks with Siniolchum in the Sikkim Himalaya. From its glaciers flows the sacred Alaknanda river, the source of the Ganges, and it is worshipped by the Hindus for whom it is the abode of Siva



WALLED IN ICE: Nilkanta taken by moonlight with a telephoto lens. The 21,000-ft. mountain dominates Badrinath, believed by the Hindus to be the dwelling-place of the gods. From Nilkanta the Ganges falls "like the slender thread of a lotus flower"

The Ganges is not only one of the world's mightiest rivers, but its waters irrigate and fertilise the northern plain of India, thus providing sustenance to millions. Small wonder, then, that the snows of the Central Himalaya in which it has its source are regarded with veneration by all Hindus. It was of these snows that the ancient scribe wrote: "He who thinks of Himachal (the Himalayan snows) though he should not behold him, is greater than he who performs all worship in Kashi (Benares). And he who thinks on Himachal shall have pardon for all sins. And all things that die on Himachal, and all things that in dying think of his snows, are freed from sin. In a hundred ages of the Gods I could not tell thee of the glories of Himachal where Siva lived and where the Ganges falls from the foot of Vishnu like the slender thread of a lotus flower."

Prior to 1931 no explorer or mountaineer had crossed the Badrinath range. This was successfully accomplished by the Kamet Expedition last year. In the course of their explorations they climbed ten peaks between 19,000 ft. and 22,000 ft., apart from the ascent of Kamet, 25,447 ft., which was the primary object of the expedition. The source of the Alaknanda river was visited and its waters could be seen issuing from the ice of the Bhagat Kharak and Satopanth glaciers. It is one of the most beautiful districts in the Himalaya, with peaks unknown and unclimbed rising above valleys carpeted with flowers.

IN THE SNOWS OF HIMACHAL: A camp-fire scene of the Kamet Expedition up the Alaknanda valley near the source of the Ganges. The porters are seated about the fire and the moon is just rising over one of the ridges of Nilkanta

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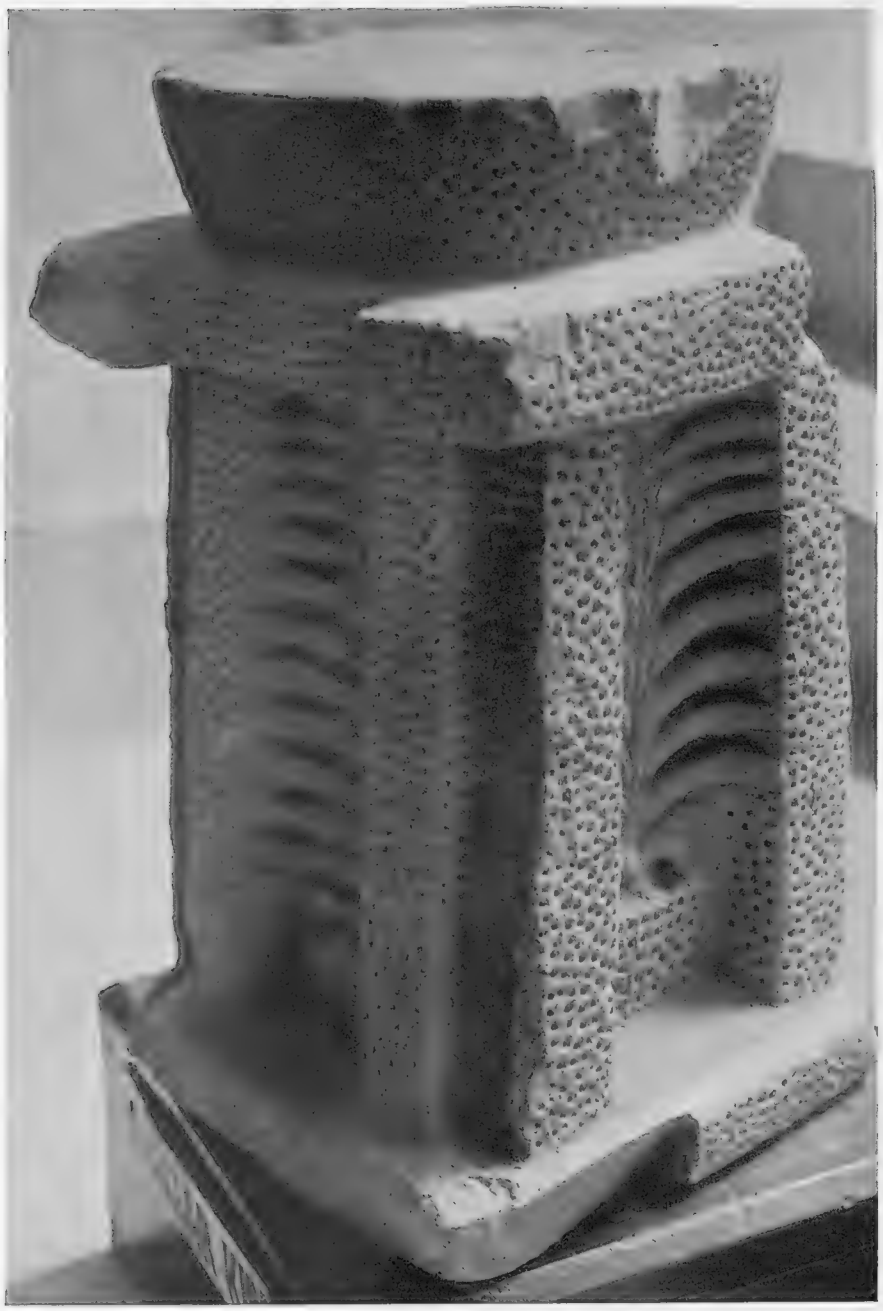
THE STONE-AGE TEMPL

Illustrated by a Set of New Pictures Specially Taken by



AN ALTAR OF THE STONE AGE: One of the great relics of Hajar Kim—a name meaning "standing stones," and deriving from the fact that, before the excavations which have been conducted throughout the last 100 years, all that could be seen of the ruin was a mound of earth from which stones jutted forth

RELICS OF THE DAWN OF CIVILIZATION BATHED IN EVENING LIGHT: The Temple extremity of the island of Malta. Much of this temple is built of hard, heavy stone in co Hajar Kim which is formed largely of soft flaking globigerina limestone. There are two te and a lower. The gateway presents the conventional megalithic Maltese feature of a huge

A STONE IDOL OF THE STONE AGE: A fragment of a colossal image still persists at Hal Tarxien consisting of the shins and part of the feet. The shins are pear-shaped and of a fantastic obesity, while the knees are covered with a pleated skirt. The rest of the statue, which must have stood some 8 ft. high, disappeared, having been doubtless quarried away as stone in later days. Behind the statue is a semi-circular apse with low walls made of slabs of stone set on end

Malta is an island rich in
These are centred in two a
and that of Hajar Kim and Mna
roughly to 3,000 B.C., and are
relics owing to the fact that thei
proportion to the size of the coun

The megalithic buildings are
what were once magnificent struc
roofed, paved, and decorated wi
lished with doors and curtains
platters for food have been disc
high level of civilization this prin

The Hajar Kim monument con
ings of the classic neolithic
—a semi-circular forecourt in f
wall with a passage down the m
of deep apses on either side. T
by a high wall of rubble. The
state of preservation, and the
during the last hundred years,
has been constantly going on,
Museum.

Half a mile to the west of H
megalithic temple. Unlike Haj
the top of a rocky plateau, M
situated at the foot of a hill.
buildings, each set at a different

Hal Tarxien (pronounced Tars
gigantic mass of neolithic
builders of these temples used t
sacrificed animals to a presidi
a remarkably high level of artist
are three temples in the Hal
longing to a slightly different p
doubtless became insufficient
gregation, and a second and, l
quently added. It is conjectur
were used contemporaneously.

It is highly probable that
elements in it, as some of the
solstices and the equinox. One
the relics photographed by Mr. I
were the bulbous-limbed godde
given here. The one on the le
ment remains, but enough to st
other example is a headless nu
treatment of the limbs.

LES of MALTA

by a "Sphere" Correspondent

ple of Mnaidra on the western contra-distinction to that of o temples at Mnaidra, a higher uge slab rectangularly pierced

in relics of the Stone Age. o areas—that of Hal Tarxien Inaidra. The buildings date are remarkable among such their size is so entirely out of ountry in which they are set. are now the bare skeletons of tructures, some of which were l with pit-marks and embel- ins. Drinking vessels and discovered demonstrating the primitive society enjoyed.

consists of a series of build- nic type of Maltese structures n front of a high retaining e middle flanked by two sets The ruins are now enclosed ne relics are in a remarkable he smaller items excavated s, during which period work on, are stored in the Valetta

f Hajar Kim stands another Hajar Kim, which is built on , Mnaidra, to the west, is ll. Mnaidra consists of two ent level.

Tarsheen) presents yet another hic material. The Stone Age ed them as places of worship, siding deity, and developed rtistic craftsmanship. There al Tarxien group, each be- nt period. The first temple nt for the use of the con- d, later, a third were subse- ctured that the three temples sly.

that the worship had solar the stones are aligned to the One of the most astonishing of Mr. Ballance for THE SPHERE ddesses. Two examples are e left is skirted, only a frag- o stir curiosity deeply. The s nude, with the same obese

THE STONEHENGE OF MALTA: Exquisitely carved stones at Hal Tarxien, Malta. These are set in the Holy of Holies, and are so set, as are the probably druidical cromlechs of Britain, as to be aligned to the solar solstices and the equinox. The containing wall has been destroyed in the course of the ages. The stones are covered with plaster facsimiles of the carvings beneath to avoid atmospheric deterioration

ALMOST COMPLETE: One of the middle temples at Hal Tarxien. The enormous masses of stone fit so closely that a knife cannot be inserted between them, despite the fact that it was built in the third millennium B.C. As with most primitive religions, burnt offerings formed a large element of the ritual, and horns, skulls, and half calcined bones of oxen, sheep, goats, and pigs have been found in niches and cupboards. In addition to fire, holy water also formed an element in the ceremonies of 3,000 years ago

A BULBOUS GODDESS FROM HAJAR KIM: A figure, impressive in its incompleteness, which displays clearly the æsthetic convention of the Stone Age—the love of sheer bulk, to which some modernist sculptors are harking back

THE ANIMAL FRIEZE: A portion of the chapel at Hal Tarxien, which is decorated with two rows of horned goats or sheep. The animals represent the victims accepted for sacrificial purposes, and were copied from actual life—a fact proved by the presence of sacrificial relics of identical type

BOOKS—

Mr. Frankau's Astonishing Zest: Another Joyous Book by the Author of "—And the Greeks": A Masterpiece of the *Macabre*: A German Psychological Study of Scandal

By CECIL ROBERTS

I seem to remember that some years ago Mr. Gilbert Frankau, in the course of a sensational statement to a daily newspaper, announced that he was finished with novel writing. He had had considerable success as a novelist, but had come to the conclusion that novel-writing was a woman's business, and no job worthy of a full-grown man. This statement, and throwing away of the bladders on which Mr. Frankau had swum so lustily—he had soon become the best-pusher and the best-seller—preceded a business career in Fleet Street that was as short as it was astonishing and spectacular. Then followed the retreat from Moscow to the Riviera, a silence, and a new novel.

It is, perhaps, unkind to recall this, but since it is all known, and often alluded to, it will not hurt Mr. Frankau, who is hardened to publicity of any nature, and it enables me to clear the ground in regard to Mr. Frankau's literary reputation.

He is not seriously regarded by the critics. In the first place he has committed the deadly sin of selling his books and of showing a lively and untiring interest in the selling of them. He has been bold enough to say aloud that he expects to make money from his books, that he writes them in order to sell them. To those who write them, even though they know they cannot sell them, this is almost a crime. Mr. Frankau will never receive the Dead-at-Five-Hundred Prize, given by the Duchess of Dolittle for the best non-starter of the year. Mr. Frankau uses that number for Press propaganda, and begins to count seriously from 10,000 up, He writes books that will sell, and sells them. Despite this reason, his novels are not bad. Indeed, Mr. Frankau writes good novels. He knows his business with the pen as well as any man living. If you doubt this, pick up *Christopher Strong* (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.), and put it down if you can before you come to the last page.

MR. ERIC UNDERWOOD, whose *A Short History of French Painting* is epitomized by Mr. Roberts as "the best, the clearest book" he has yet seen on the subject

In the matter of dramatic suspense there has been no one to equal to him since Hall Caine. He has moments, too, of sheer poetry, as one might expect from the writer of the best social satire of our times—*One of Us*. His new novel exhibits his chief characteristic; he likes a crowded canvas and, above all, a wealth of swift action, That is the trouble with Mr. Frankau. He can tell a story superbly, but he is never content with simply telling it and letting the effect impress the reader. He always reminds me of that story of the gentleman who, when the Last Trump sounded, said "Louder! Louder!" On his literary organ he not only has all the stops out, but runs up and down the foot-swells.

In *Christopher Strong* we have the story of the New Age, with a terrific heroine who is a speed-king and an air-king. She knows the inside of her engine, can talk to mechanics in their own jargon; she races on the sea, in the air; the roar of the exhaust fills every page. The book might well have been called *Exhaust*. I cannot think how Christopher Strong kept up with it all. If Mr. Frankau would not insist on stunning us with his tireless invention, his clever writing, his dramatic episodes, his brilliant dialogue; if, in fact, he would be content to be a quarter of the novelist that he is, we should have time to feel, among all the commotion, the avalanche of words, the welter of sensations, that Mr. Frankau is a great story-teller. He cheats himself of his deserts. How long Mr. Frankau can keep this up I cannot imagine. His energy is colossal. He has made novel-writing a strenuous business, so strenuous that, despite his assertion, *Christopher Strong* is a man's work, and a work of which no man need feel ashamed.

I have been reading Mr. Charles Graves' travel book, *Gone Abroad* (Nicholson and Watson. 9s. 6d.). It describes a journey through Germany and Belgium. I hope Mr. Graves will not mind if I say that it seems to me he saw more with his palate than his eyes. I gather that the centre of every city is the bar of the leading hotel and, on the proof of this book—which exudes strange information in every line—Mr. Graves is right in suggesting that there is more to be extracted from a cocktail-shaker, once you are allowed to call him by his Christian name, than from a bookshelf of Baedekers. This book is written with immense gusto. Mr. Graves fills me with envy. There are those in this world, and he is one of them, who always know the right people no matter where they alight. By the right people I mean those who are quite the wrong people if you mention them at your Embassy.

For instance, in Berlin Mr. Graves wanted to go to a *Nacktkultur* club but, thanks to Jimmy, the cocktail-shaker at the Eden Bar, that presented no difficulties. And what a club it was—the Film Actors' Naked Club, where everybody dropped all pretence and played schlacht ball, with nothing to keep their money in! Now I have drunk cocktails at the Eden Bar, I have talked to Jimmy, but I never dared to call him Jimmy, and I never got taken to a party where a new frock is never necessary.

I could not travel with Mr. Graves, I could not keep up with him, and he has no reverence for anything. We are told that Dürer's "reputation became so great that he and Raphael used to swop drawings like school children collect stamps. His Emperor took the greatest pleasure in showering honours on him, the only fly in the ointment being Frau Dürer, who always nagged him." Shades of Herr Baedeker, with three stars!

Mr. Graves' gay course across Germany and Belgium was not only plotted by bars, but also by golf courses. It is a combination of interests not at all rare, but it would be false to suggest that Mr. Graves' interests ended there. He made a choice selection of night clubs and of menus. After these interests, travel, scenery, history, and general broadmindedness occupied his time. His curiosity is infectious, his ability to hear everything, see everything, and move on is phenomenal. The awful sense of my inferiority as a traveller, and I have vanity on those grounds, began to depress me until I caught Mr. Graves napping on the Rhine. He actually passed Bacharach without discovering that it is the most picturesque little town on the Rhine, that it has an old inn, complete with minstrel, and a Hohestrasse that has come straight out of *Faust*. I went to bed there one night last August and woke up in the fourteenth century. And again, at Frankfurt, I felt superior to Mr. Graves. Everyone goes to Goethe's house, but how came he to miss Moser's Baths on the river?

This is a slapdash, auto-aeroplane-cocktail-golf-club guide to Germany and Belgium. It surveys the scene in the spirit of "if people do not realize that we went to Oxford or Cambridge, the attitude is that they are so ignorant and unimportant that their opinions do not matter," but with all its alcoholic Philistinism it is a joyous book, and one to be read in this dismal era when England is to be made prosperous by the bankruptcy of Continental innkeepers. And when I next see Mr. Graves in the Eden Bar I shall try to know him, not because of *Nacktkultur* clubs, but because if anything is going to happen he is sure to be at the centre of it.

Mr. L. A. G. Strong is the latest pet of the critics. The chorus has been so unanimous that I was afraid to pick up his latest book, *The Brothers* (Gollancz. 7s. 6d.), in fear that I might be the only blind creature in a wilderness of monkeys. My fear has been dispelled; there is something very unusual in the quiet power, the originality of this story of two brothers who nourished a life-long enmity. The scene opens on a desolate sea-coast, and the grimness of the sea pervades the lives of these fishermen. There is a death of an informer contrived with such diabolical ingenuity that it freezes one with horror, and Mr. Strong has that rare gift of making even the landscape sentient. He is a master of under-writing. He almost disposes of language, gathering within his pages elemental forces that pervade every moment of the drama. It is a short book but a powerful one.

Another simply told story is *Miner* (Dent. 6s.), by F. C. Boden. Its author is a miner-poet who has been sent to Oxford as a result of a book of verse. This is his first prose volume. It reveals no ability as a novelist, and it is ridiculous and unfair for the name of D. H. Lawrence to be invoked. All they have in common is their origin in a coal-mining area. As a straightforward narrative, which is more of an autobiography than a novel, *Miner* has a simple impressiveness, and Mr. Boden is writing of scenes and episodes of which he has personal experience—life down the mine, a strike, an explosion, and a simple love episode.

Ever since the publication of *In Chains*, the work of Joseph Delmont, the German novelist, has attracted attention. When he set his scene in a circus, it was so vivid that one was sure he had been a circus artist at some time. But after three or four novels, each exhibiting the same quality of imaginative saturation in his subject, it is difficult to be sure when Mr. Delmont is using facts or creating fictions.

Slander (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d.) is a vivid, remarkable study of the power of a lie and its effect upon an innocent young man. We are now plunged into the drug and colour business, into all the life of a German small town. Berthold Turmer was a good-looking young man who adored feminine beauty. A mischievous employee, annoyed by the young man's innocence, spread the rumour that Turmer was the father of a child. In the small town gossip magnified the rumour until Turmer became the father of three children. In a few weeks his "affairs" were the talk of the town. He became known as the local Casanova. From that moment women flocked to the shop. In vain young Turmer protested his innocence. Events then happened which gave colour to his amorous reputation.

We are shown how hard it is to overtake the flying jade, scandal. Finally, Turmer succumbs to the jade; from this point on the story is a riotous comedy of errors. Mr. Delmont's love of people is quite infectious, and *Slander* will enhance his reputation.

(*Continued on p.* 136)

RECOMMENDED LIST

"The Passionate Pilgrim: a Life of Annie Besant," by Gertrude M. Williams (John Hamilton. 18s. net).

"Only Yesterday: an Informal History (U.S.A.) of the Nineteens and Twenties," by Frederick Lewis Allen (Harper Bros. 12s. 6d. net).

"The Spanish Omnibus," Stories by Spanish Writers (Eyre and Spottiswoode. 8s. 6d. net).

Novels:

"The Harbour-Master," by William McFee (Heinemann. 8s. 6d. net).

"John Peel," by J. M. Denman (Hutchinson. 7s. 6d. net).

"A Hank of Hair," by Temple Thurston (Cassell. 7s. 6d. net).

"The Pavilion of Honour," by George Preedy (Bodley Head. 7s. 6d. net).

A TRIO OF MIRTH-MAKERS: Mr. Sonnie Hale, Mr. Harry Milton, and Mr. Stanley Lupino in the new Gaiety musical comedy, *Hold My Hand*

PLAYS—

A Brilliant Comedy at the Embassy, Poor Galsworthy with a Rich Cast:

By PHILI

It has been said authoritatively that there are only twenty-two jokes in the world. So perhaps we should not be too hard on the writers of revue sketches, a lamentably unfunny crop of which has been to the fore of late. But I would suggest that a long long rest should be given to certain subjects. On this *index expurgatorius* let us place:

(1) Sea-sickness.
(2) False teeth.
(3) All forms of sketch involving the complacent husband.
(4) The gloom of English seaside places.

This last has been an obsession for a long time. Mr. Noel Coward was particularly fond of it, and managed to make it fairly, though not very, amusing. Such sketches are invariably based on the idea that at English seaside places it is usually wet and cold and depressing, but that once the Channel is crossed there is eternal sunshine, the spirit of carnival, and fun unlimited. One need not worry much about the truth of things in revue, provided the laughter is there. Yet the truth here is that, except for the gambling, a French seaside place can be just as dull as an English one, and just as cold and wet.

In the Hippodrome revue, for instance, we find again our old friend, the gloomy English seaside town. If, after the curtain falls on this effort it were to rise again to disclose a French seaside town, equally bathed in rain and depression, it would get an extra laugh and avoid giving that easy smack in the eye to English hotel proprietors who have to live and keep going somehow like their fellow income-tax owers.

Talking of crossing the Channel, I was interested to see in *Rough to Moderate*, at the Embassy Theatre, how that ordeal can be suggested on a small stage and with, I imagine, a minimum of expense. With a few curtains, a bench or two, and what looked like about thirty shillings' worth of scenery, one was given a vivid impression of a Channel boat on a dark and stormy night, the lining up at the passport office, the struggle at the customs, and all the rest of the misery.

I would like to take some of those people, who imagine that no play can possibly be produced except by the installation of enough machinery to propel a battleship, a little trip up to Swiss Cottage, and to show them how quite suitable effects may be achieved without a five-figure production bill, and on a stage which does *not* revolve. After all, a rigid stage was good enough for Irving and for Tree, and they both knew something about spectacle and the beauty of a stage picture.

Rough to Moderate is very nearly a brilliant little comedy. Mr. Wilfred Eyre has adorned with plenty of witty lines his story of a young journalist (the writer of gossipy bits) who squabbles with his very nice wife in an expensive Paris hotel, and, when she goes for a few days' motoring tour with some friends, takes an American actress of the vampish type round Paris on a shopping expedition, conducts her to London, and instals her and himself in an equally expensive London hotel, where they spend their time in being rude to each other, eating

HENSONIAN DILEMMA: Mr. Leslie Henson sets his cap at Miss Muriel Montrose with reluctance in order to get Mr. Austin Melford out of a compromising situation

HENSONIAN SUSCEPTIBILITY: Mr. Leslie Henson, supported by Mr. Austin Melford, engages the services of Miss Jeanne Stewart with rapture

a Theatre soon to "go Native": A The Passing of a Great Producer PAGE

caviare sandwiches, and drinking champagne.

Which indicates either that the purveying of gossipy bits is a very well paid job nowadays, or that the wife had a private income.

There is a happy ending, for the wife arrives by air, is not in the least suspicious, takes back to her arms the erring journalist, and leaves the actress ringing up another victim.

This last act spoils the rest, for it has not a semblance of reality about it. But why a friend of the family in the consular service should have given the actress £100 in cash and a cheque for another £100 (there is plenty of money in this play) when a few hours before he had laid a trap for her at the customs office—oh, well, why worry?

Since the American actress is supposed to dominate the play it was a pity that just the one American actress was chosen for the part who, with all her ability in other directions, is the least suited for it. Miss Olive Blakeney radiates "good sortishness." Instinctively one likes her bluff, downright, honest-to-goodness manner and the *fortissimo* American accent which accompanies it. But I cannot picture her slinkily insinuating herself into a man's affections, wheedling hats and frocks and jewellery out of him, and dazzling him with what I understand is now the fashion to call "body urge." Miss Constance Bennett, who looks so much more expensive than a mere platinum blonde that she must assuredly be a radium blonde, could do it. Miss Tallulah Bankhead could do it. So could various other vampish and alluring creatures, both on and off the film. But nice, cheery, friendly Miss Blakeney—no.

Mr. Jack Melford plays the husband with a good sense of comedy and Mr. Cecil Parker is wholly admirable.

I am sorry to hear, by the way, that this will be one of Mr. Alec Rea's last productions at the Embassy, which is to go native, or go talkie, or something of that sort. This theatre has proved a useful incubator for several West End successes, and the standard of both acting and production has been high.

With some apprehension do I suggest so irreverent a comparison as that between the grave and reverend Mr. John Galsworthy and a certain little girl who had a "curl down the middle of her forehead." But the comparison exists. For when Mr. Galsworthy is good he is very, very good, and when he is bad, he is horrid. At any rate, extremely disappointing.

Why, I wonder, has his play *Windows* been revived by the "People's Theatre" at the Duchess? (Why, for that matter, the "People's Theatre"? But that is another story.) Of the conciseness, the logic, the sureness of touch, that one finds in *The Silver Box*, *Loyalties*, *Strife*, *Justice*, and many other fine plays, there is hardly a trace here. The piece is untidy and rather dull. The analogy between the "windows of the soul" and the old man who actually did clean the windows of the house of a literary family at Highgate is badly strained. I marvel that so practised a hand as Mr. Galsworthy did not make more effective use of his theme of a girl who had served two years in prison for murdering her baby, being taken on as a parlourmaid in that household over which Mr. Esmé Percy, in the bluest of shirts and moods, reigned so strangely.

One justification of the revival, however, is that it has been the means of assembling an extraordinarily fine cast at the Duchess. Miss Mabel Terry Lewis, with the true Terry touch in her gracious dignity, makes much of what is really a shadowy part. Mr. Ben Field is admirable. Miss Pamela Carme, who at one time seemed to be content merely to look beautiful (which she cannot very well help), is now developing into a polished actress with a sense of character. Miss Sydney Fairbrother, that immortal character in *A Sister to Assist 'Er* (the author of which, by the way, I regret to hear has just died), shows the exact way of managing a Cockney accent without a shade of exaggeration.

Miss Hermione Baddeley brings out all the pathos of the erring parlourmaid who caused such an erotic pother up Highgate way; but she should learn something from Miss Fairbrother about the speech of servant girls from 'umble 'omes. Adenoids certainly flourish rather more in the lowly air of Seven Dials than they do in Belgrave Square, or even Adelphi Terrace. But that slow, snuffling whine is typical of the stage Cockney and of the stage Cockney only.

One cannot say that the death of Arthur Collins is a loss to the English stage of 1932, for it is a considerable number of years since ill-health forced him to retire into complete obscurity. But it will be a long time before the stage forgets the great work he did for it. Arthur Collins was, above all things, a "pro" who knew his job and did it supremely well. He did not air theories or try quaint tricks or make players reach the stage via the pit, and arrive there to find themselves in darkness. He was above all things a realist, and believed that when the author of a play indicated that he wanted a tree on the stage the only proper course was to give him a tree, and not something that looked like the Fifth Proposition of Euclid.

Arthur Collins could, and did, stage anything successfully, from grand opera to pantomime. His reign at Drury Lane marked the rise of spectacular melodrama and the zenith of the typically English humours of Dan Leno and Herbert Campbell. He was never fussy, never temperamental. Difficulties were smoothed over by his geniality and tact, and everyone in that historic theatre, which has never seemed quite the same without him, loved "The Guv'nor."

The Old Vic and Sadler's Wells have been keeping the operatic flag flying successfully—so far as can be done with the limited means at their disposal. I heard at the latter the other night a really good performance of *La Bohème*, with, as Mimi, Miss Joan Cross, who made quite a hit in the part at Covent Garden during the English season. *La Bohème*, being one of those works which seem very easy and are in fact very difficult, this was a creditable achievement—and something rather more than creditable.

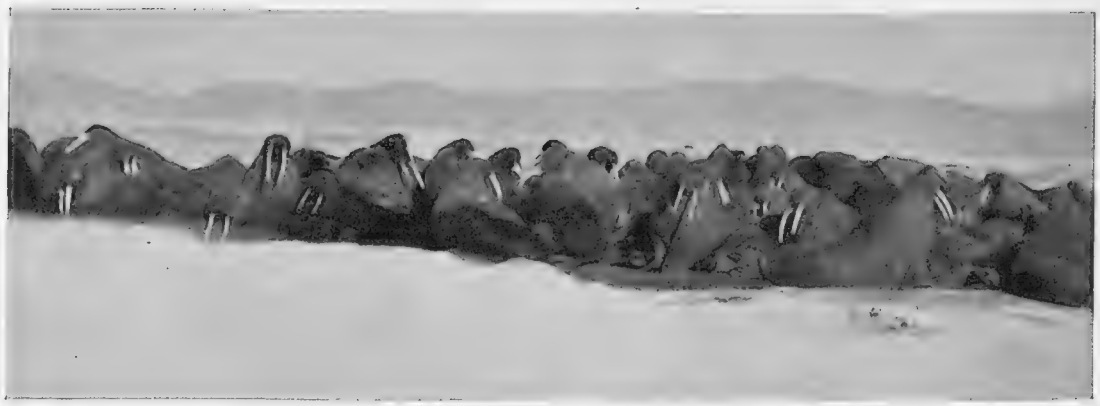
Miss Lilian Baylis has some good young singers at her disposal. It is a pity that the orchestra is not, for the most part, up to the remainder of the operatic productions, though Mr. Geoffrey Toye got some good work out of it in the performances of *Hansel and Gretel*.

HENSONIAN IMBECILITY: Mr. Henson decries to Miss Muriel Montrose the attractions of Mr. Austin Melford, at the request of the latter, who has become entangled, much against his own will, with the lady

HENSONIAN CHIVALRY: Mr. Leslie Henson offers himself as a far more desirable suitor than his friend, Mr. Austin Melford, to the vamp, Miss Muriel Montrose. The new show at the Strand creates a ripple of laughter

HENSONIAN BURGLARY: Messrs. Henson and Howard plan how to open a safe reposing upon Mr. Melford

HENSONIAN IMPERSONATION: Mr. Leslie Henson dresses up as a doctor—an amusing episode



TUSKERS OF THE ICE: A large herd of walrus, the hunting of which provides thrills to satisfy the most ardent sensationalist

WALRUS-HUNTING in the ARCTIC

From the Bow-seat of an Umiak, an Eskimo Walrus Hunt off the Alaskan Coast Offers One of the Greatest Thrills in the World

By ROBERT FROTHINGHAM

A quiet, introspective individual is the walrus, of whom it may be said, paradoxically, that he's so ugly he's handsome. Though allied to the seal family, he resembles nothing so much as a gigantic Bologna sausage. Ten to twelve feet in length, with a corrugated hide from 1 in. to 1½ in. thick; he is covered with a sparse reddish-brown growth of coarse hair. His favourite occupation is sleeping.

Try to visualize 2,500 lb. of inert and supreme laziness, lying prone on his back, repellent misshapen head thrown back, the mouth distended, the snout decorated with a bunch of spiny, grey "whiskers" and outfitted with a pair of formidable ivory tusks from 2 ft. to 3 ft. long, with huge flippers partially crossed on a broad chest about 4 ft. wide—and all in an attitude absurdly suggestive of the "morning after the night before"—and you have a good picture of a perfect gentleman or lady walrus. Multiply this picture five to twenty times over and you will have a bird's-eye view of the average ice floe in the polar pack off Point Barrow or Wainright. Incidentally, it is an interesting speculation as to the tensile strength of an ice floe almost awash, which easily supports 50,000 lb. of walrus meat. For, be it remembered, an ice floe is a vastly different thing from an iceberg. Furthermore, there are no icebergs in that portion of the Arctic contiguous to the Bering Sea.

From all of which it may be thoughtlessly deduced that walrus hunting is an easy thing. Not so. It has its uncertainties, just as all big game hunting has. While the walrus's eyesight is poor and he has no external ears—so that no one really knows how much he sees or hears—he has a very serviceable pair of nostrils. Even when half asleep he frequently lifts that ridiculous-looking head, minus any neck, and twists about to catch any vagrant odours that indicate the presence of that other animal—man. And, when alarmed, he's as wide awake as an owl, and slips off his icy roost into the sea with a huge splash that can be seen several hundred yards away. He may come to the surface within a few yards of the floe or he may put 500 yards between the floe and himself before his curiosity gets the better of him.

But there is no use shooting him in the water, because, whether wounded or killed, he quickly sinks out of sight and is lost. There is little or no buoyancy in a walrus carcass—not enough, at least, to keep it afloat. Hence, all killing must be done on the floe, with the hope that the carcass may not slip overboard before it is made fast.

There is another mighty good reason why the walrus must be "killed dead" on the floe. If he slips off the floe, wounded, he becomes, forthwith, a wicked customer—a very dangerous antagonist. Instead of trying to make his escape, he stays on the job until he has sunk or overturned a boat. He has been known to grip the gunwales of an umiak in those mighty tusks and capsize it. He has also been known to turn on his back, under a boat, and rip the bottom out of it. Captain Bob Bartlett, the well-known Polar explorer, had just such an experience while hunting walrus. There was barely time to "beach" the umiak.

This mammoth, sluggish animal, with nothing but a set of four flippers—one on either side at the shoulders and two lying closely adjoined, like a pair of widespread, immense hands, at his tail end—is as active as a cat when in water. When frightened or wounded he lets out a roar closely resembling the bellow of a bull and follows the roar with a series of deep, resonant, raucous barks somewhat similar to those of the sea lion, but of much greater volume.

A walrus hunt is a unique experience, unlike any other hunting I have done, and the keen interest it engenders is heightened by the trophy involved—the ivory tusks. Both the bull and the cow walrus have tusks, and they are sufficiently different in formation to justify taking a pair of each. The tusks of a mature bull walrus vary from 10 to 37 in. in length, with a maximum circumference at the butt end of 8 in., and weighing from 5 to 10 lb. each. They are deeply set in the upper jaw, extending to a depth of 7 in. into their bony sockets. When one remembers that 2,000 to 2,500 lb. of weight are behind this formidable pair of weapons, it is not surprising that an enraged bull can make matchwood of almost any kind of small boat that might happen to be in his way.

But to get to my walrus hunt. Nine o'clock found the cutter under way, bound for the ice pack, twenty-five miles offshore. Nearly a score wildly excited and chattering Eskimo hunters swarmed over the vessel, like so many curious children. Every face was wreathed in smiles. Had they not been honoured by selection from the whole tribe for the most important event of the year? That they should be further distinguished by being taken aboard the *Northland*, with their umiaks, was more than they would have dreamed. They were keyed up, certainly, but not a whit more so than the favoured passenger who was trying to imagine what a bow-seat in an umiak felt like and whether he would be able to bag a trophy and take some photographs as well.

To one who has never seen the Polar ice pack there is a real thrill in trying to cover it with a pair of binoculars. As far as the eye could see, to the very horizon itself, was a limitless expanse of moving ice. What were all those black specks one saw in every direction? "They are walrus," says Jim Allen.

"But," I rejoin, "they can't all be walrus; why, there are thousands, yes, tens of thousands of them."

And it was so. It staggered the imagination. Right and left and dead ahead, every ice floe seemed to be trying to determine how many of these amazing brutes it could hold. Small floes with two or three monsters crowding every available square foot; big floes, as large as a city block, jammed with scores of animals, lying so close together that it was difficult to see the tusks of the individual animals. In certain instances it seemed as if they were all lying with their heads under cover, with nothing but their tails to be seen. Beyond question, it was the most bewildering display of sheer brute weight and massiveness imaginable. Every few moments one could see a huge, misshapen head rise from the dead level of somnolent "sea-horses" and twist around uneasily as if trying to solve some troublesome dream that had arisen in a much befuddled brain. Then the head would subside like a deflated balloon as the monster resumed its slumber. In all his twenty years off and on in the Arctic, Captain Jones had never seen such an aggregation of walrus in the ice pack. "This remarkable summer weather probably has something to do with it," said he.

Meanwhile the *Northland* had come to a stop about a mile from the edge of the ice pack and preparations were being made for the launching of the umiaks. Jim Allen asked for quiet.

In tense silence, the three umiaks were lowered from the davits and the excited natives, quivering in every nerve, dropped down the ladder, each taking his place, with paddle, rifle, and spear, five to a boat.

All this time the three umiaks hadn't moved from the ship's side, and the natives were sitting there with their paddles in their hands wondering what it was all about.

Finally the signal was given and we moved off as silently as a bunch of ghosts. Jim wet his finger and held it up so as to be sure to keep on the right side of the wind. He then motioned to the hunters in the other boats to spread out, each to pick the nearest floe that contained the most meat and to follow on through.

The three skin boats moved forward practically on a line, about a quarter of a mile apart, and arrived at the edge of the ice pack at the same time. That mile or more from the cutter seemed to have been covered in a mighty few minutes. No more silent paddlers could be imagined than those fifteen Eskimos.

Our mile dwindled to a half mile, to a quarter, to 250 yards, to 100. We could count at least five of the monsters on the floe that we were approaching, all lying with their backs toward us and not a pair of tusks to be seen. How many more there were behind this group of five could only be conjectured.

Suddenly the one right in line with the prow of the boat lifted its head, displaying a fine looking pair of tusks. Instantly every paddler "froze." The huge creature gazed around, apparently saw nothing to arouse suspicion and lurched back.

"That's your game," whispered Jim Allen, "but not yet."

Jim had already impressed it upon me that there was only one place to plant a bullet in a walrus to assure immediate death—about ten inches back of the eye. But there wasn't an eye to be seen, not even a head; nothing but the broad back of the neck presented itself for my consideration.

"Ler 'er go," whispered Jim. "These 'Skimos won't wait another split second."

I knew there was a vertebra running somewhere through that neck, and to break it constituted my only chance for a killing shot. With more hope than certainty, I pressed the trigger. Shooting, as I was, from a moving boat, luck figured largely in the shot. All I could note in that mammoth pile of flesh, now scarcely more than 100 feet ahead, was a collapse, as if the huge beast had deflated its lungs. Otherwise not a move. My bullet had found its mark.

Then pandemonium!

Imagine, in the same boat with you, and behind you at that, five highly excited Eskimo hunters, each armed with a high-power rifle containing six cartridges. Figure the necessity for keeping the umiak head-on to the ice floe, thus compelling every one of these wrought-up natives to shoot over your head. No chance for shooting from the side as no one knew when the boat might have to be "beached" on the ice floe to avoid a wounded animal in the water. Imagine thirty bullets being fired as rapidly as those semi-crazy Eskimos could pull the trigger.

Although I had five shells left in my rifle, it never occurred to me to shoot a second time.

Think of the humorous irony of it. There I was in the Arctic on a walrus hunt, for which I had brought along 100 shells, and I had fired precisely one bullet. The sheer incongruity of it all was just seeping into my bewildered brain when a shout from Jim, right in my ear, aroused me:

"Out of the boat, quick!"

Almost before I could grasp my rifle and camera and assemble my scattered senses, the big Eskimo umiak, with its load of screeching, gesticulating natives, was high and dry on the ice floe, pulled up out of harm's way. We had bagged ten of the monsters and nearly as many more were churning the water around the floe, some of them rising a couple of feet out of the sea in sheer rage to see what they might destroy with their tusks.

Meanwhile the *Northland* had steamed slowly up and made fast to the big floe on which we were waiting. Quite a contrast, this, to the usual native hunt. Under any other circumstances the hunt itself would be followed immediately by an attack on the carcasses, cutting them up in small enough pieces to load into the boats and rush ashore. Now, however, all that was necessary was the ship's donkey engine, and a block and fall. Twenty-six walrus had been taken by the three boats, and they made a brave show as winter meat when they had been heaped in a pile that rose ten or fifteen feet high on the forward deck of the *Northland*.

"SUMMER IS ICUMEN IN—GAYE SPORTE WALRUS!" The breaking of the pack-ice gives the great mammals of the Arctic a chance to sport in the sea; some of them, however, remain staidly on the floes.

CONVERSATION PIECES at the FRENCH EXHIBITION

The scene depicted by Olivier was characteristic of many royal and social occasions taking place in the group of buildings formerly standing in Paris, known as the Temple. Some twenty-five years after this picture was painted, Louis XVI, his sister Elizabeth, his wife, Marie Antoinette, and his son, Louis the Dauphin, were confined in these same buildings, awaiting their tragic ends

"SOUPER DU PRINCE DE CONTI DANS UN SALON DU TEMPLE," BY BARTHÉLEMY OLIVIER: A delicate study lent by the Versailles Museum

"LES COMÉDIENS ITALIENS," BY ANTOINE WATTEAU: A canvas lent from the collection of Rohoncz Castle, Hungary. The characters are traditional: Pierrot, Lelio, and Sylvia; Scapin with his guitar; Harlequin: Flaminia, Mario, and Isabella; Scaramouche; the Doctor of Bologna; Pantaloon and the Fool

A READING FROM MOLIÈRE, BY JEAN FRANÇOIS DE TROY: This has been lent by Sir Philip Sassoon, and was exhibited at the National Gallery a few years ago. It is dated 1740, and the title is traditional

"MME GEOFFRIN PRENANT SON CHOCOLAT," BY HUBERT ROBERT: A detail of the canvas lent by A. Viel-Picard. This late eighteenth-century study shows the celebrated friend of the Encyclopædists taking her chocolate while her servant reads to her. The landscape upon the wall above her head is also by Robert

SCÈNE DE "M. DE POURCEAUGNAC," BY JEAN-BAPTISTE-JOSEPHE PATER: This canvas, lent by the King, shows the tenth scene of the second act of Molière's *Comedie Ballet.* Lucette is presenting to M. de Pourceaugnac five children as his own

HUNTERS of To-day and To-morrow

OF THE HOUSE OF MARLBOROUGH: Lady Blandford with her daughters, Lady Sarah and Lady Caroline Spencer-Churchill, at the Young Foxhunters' Mounted Sports at Melton Mowbray

A FAMILY GROUP: Mrs. Euan Wallace with her son, Mr. David Wallace, at the meet of the Grafton held at Stoke Goldington

A FAMOUS FOLLOWER: Lady Irene Cubitt, daughter of the fourth Lord Camden, at a meet of the Quorn

A YOUNG QUARTETTE: Masters Teddy and Billy Hall, Master Jaffray and Miss Betty Hall at the Children's Day Meet of the Earl of Yarborough's Hunt at Little Brocklesby, Lincs.

AN ACTRESS IN THE SADDLE: Miss Mary Newcomb with her husband, Mr. A. H. Higginson, the Master of the Cattistock Hounds, one of the most delightful of West Country packs

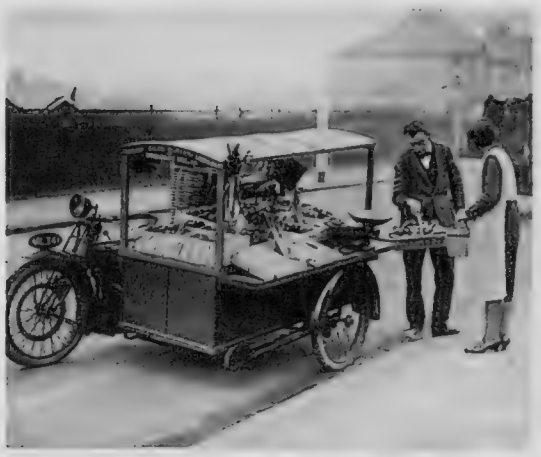
THE CHILDREN'S MEET OF THE QUORN: This popular event was held at Baggrave Hall, the residence of Major A. E. Burnaby, the Master. A group is seen above listening to an address on hunting etiquette delivered by Major Burnaby. The post-war generation of followers to hounds gained an unenviable reputation for hunting manners

A YOUTHFUL JUMPER: Lady Sarah Spencer-Churchill competing in the Young Foxhunters' Mounted Sports, held at the Army Remount Depot, Melton Mowbray, in the heart of the hunting country

TRADE ON WHEELS

The great increase in motoring is in train of revolutionizing even village industries. Already the farmer has taken to petrol for his farm tasks and now the pedlars of the countryside and the local stores have developed the motoring journeyman, for not only is delivery by car, but selection also. Even the gipsy—the traditional nomad whose horse was the largest element in his life—is now moving his pots and pans by lorry or a converted and obsolete motor bus. The movement adds much to efficiency but detracts more from picturesqueness

A TRAVELLING SHOP seen at Chipping Campden, Glos., which carries a large variety of household articles including chairs, carpets, tyres, plant-pots, and ironmongery. The salesman drives a thriving trade



THE CYCLING GREENGROCER: An enterprising merchant of Winchmore Hill has fitted up a motor cycle as a travelling stall—thus at once displaying his goods to the best advantage and delivering with celerity

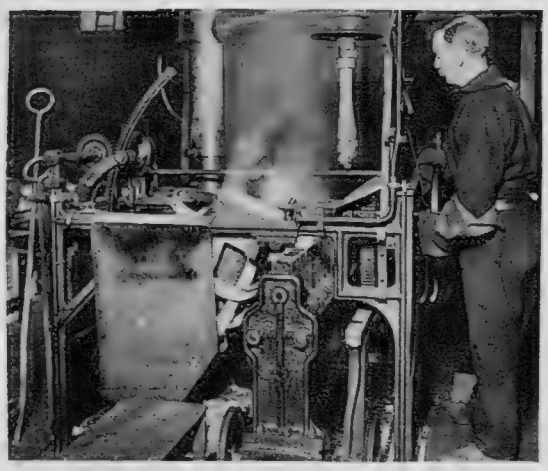
TAKEN FOR A RIDE: The American gangster phrase is singularly apposite to these geese, who are convoyed from a Cheltenham farm to the poulterer in a carefully netted motor cycle sidecar

EVEN THE GIPSY TURNS TO PETROL: The great nomadic race has abandoned its traditional horse-caravan, and now peddles its wares in ancient motor cars which are fitted up as peripatetic general stores

MAKING MONEY

A QUESTION OF WEIGHT: The weighing machine at the Mint. So accurate is it that it will detect a deficiency so minute as one-hundredth of a grain—Troy weight

A QUESTION OF EYESIGHT: Two-centimis Latvian pieces, searched for discoloured coins. The Royal Mint makes a great deal of currency for foreign States



MOLTEN METAL: Red-hot silver being poured from a cauldron into moulds. The actual coinage is made of an amalgam which includes a fairly large proportion of copper and a small admixture of nickel

A BATH OF HALF-CROWNS: Two-and-sixpenny pieces undergoing a softening and washing process in a blanch acid bath. The work at the Royal Mint, Tower Hill, is highly complicated and involves the use of machinery at once delicate and powerful

HARVEST OF REEDS

In the first two months of the year North Europe indulges in a harvest little known by the general public—the reed harvest. In Britain, the great use to which they are put is thatching, for reeds—which are more expensive—are better than straw for roofing purposes. In addition to the reed harvest there is the withy harvest. These heavier water-growths are fashioned into baskets, chairs, and fish traps. In North Germany reeds are used in industry. It has been found that reeds grow well from cuttings for four years; but then must be grown from roots

CUTTING ON ICE: The reed harvest on frozen German lakes. On an average a hectare of land produces one ton of dry reeds which are used industrially. Four years after the first cutting they grow better from roots

EMBRYONIC THATCH: Cutting reeds on Slapton Ley, South Devon, is now in full swing. They are largely used for thatching and rustic fence work, and reed-cutting is quite a considerable rural industry

IN THE WEST COUNTRY: The upper picture shows the reed harvest on Slapton Ley, South Devon, while that below shows a scene during the withy harvest at Borough Bridge, Somerset. The harvesters cut, boil, and peel the canes for baskets, chairs, etc.

HIBERNIAN BASHFULNESS: A small colleen in the Claddagh, the ancient fishing quarter of Galway which used to be ruled by a separate monarch, is shy of facing the camera

THE WEST OF IRELAND

To those of us who look forward each year to visiting "fresh woods and pastures new," I would suggest that no more beautiful or interesting part of the British Isles exists than Co. Galway on the western side of Ireland. Be one's ideas about Ireland what they may—politically—let there be no doubt about the attraction of these volatile and warm-hearted people of whom so many really know so little.

A tour through Galway is an experience no one should miss. The painter, the poet (of whom one was reputed to have said, "Go to Ireland, and go often"), and even just ordinary folk will feel their hearts satisfied, and their minds given new food for thought after a short stay in this part of the Emerald Isle.

Now that foreign travel is off the programme for most of us, it *is* no small consolation to feel that we may still, and patriotically, satisfy our wanderlust just as completely as in the past we have managed to do in Continental climes.

THE LOCAL SCANDAL: Two typical inhabitants of the Claddagh discuss the latest titbit of gossip while the donkey lends a large and listening ear

Galway is an interesting old town where the tourist may pleasantly rest on his way farther West. A network of neat, white-washed, thatched cabins called "The Claddagh" ("The Beach") has been, from time immemorial, the locality inhabited by the fishermen of Galway Bay, and a visit to this should not be missed.

The fisher-folk here have always lived as a race apart, even to the extent, in days gone by, of being ruled over by their own King. Although this potentate no longer survives, the quarter, with its picturesque cottages and interesting inhabitants, forms an attractive feature. Galway is the gateway to Connemara, that wondrous land of sea and lake and mountain whose magnificence has been sung far and wide.

Clifden, its capital, is one of the most westerly towns in Europe. The route from Galway leads through Oughterard, a notable fishing centre, and thence through Maam Cross, Recess, and Ballynahinch amongst scenery which is unsurpassably wild and mountainous. Thackeray, in his enthusiasm, wrote of this district that its loveliness rivalled Killarney, traditionally the most glorious scenic centre of the Emerald Isle. Here the Bens raise their proud peaks, and the views obtained from the road along Lough Inagh are simply magnificent.

The whole country is rich in things of interest, archæological, botanical, and geological. It is interesting to note that the peasants are cleaner, better-dressed, and infinitely duller of wit than the inhabitants of the lands to the South.

THE BAREFOOT GIRLS OF GALWAY: A typical scene in Galway, where a settlement of neat, white-washed cottages forms the fishing quarter known as the Claddagh

Galway is the paradise of the salmon angler. There are numerous streams which afford excellent sport, most notable among which are the Ballynahinch Fishery and the Gowla or Cashel Fishery. There is an important race meeting held annually in the first week in August, when fêtes and other attractive functions are also organized; and at Salthill, the marine suburb of Galway, about 1½ miles away, is the tennis club, and a little beyond an admirably laid-out 18-hole golf course.

The Aran Islands, about twenty-eight miles off the coast, are well worth a visit for their rugged and desolate grandeur. They are three in number—Inishmore, Inishmaan, and Inishsheer, i.e. Great, Middle, and South-east islands.

The accompanying pictures give some idea of the typical life of the country, but one must go there and stay awhile to get the real atmosphere and full pleasure from this still mysterious and beautiful part of our Empire.

MARKET: The ancient peasant types of Ireland thrown into brilliant relief by the hoarding with its stridently modern advertisement

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL

The GIPSIES

The Race Once Persecuted for Them Officially Encouraged

By ROY

Gipsies are encountered on every Spanish hillside south of the Ebro. One begins by blessing them for the romantic element they infuse into an otherwise sombre landscape, and ends by cursing them for their importunities and superior cunning. One pays through the nose for the tradition of romance which has been built up around these dusky nomads.

If one is a very young man visiting Spain for the first time, it is easy to fall in love with a gipsy maid; and that is all very well so long as one's contributions to the family coffers are steady. Gipsy ferocity—especially that of an outraged lover—has been known to spend itself in the quick flash of a knife. The best sheath for that knife is a handful of coins!

And if one is a middle-aged lady, one harbours a vague, disturbing sentiment for the male of this mysterious race—the handsome, black-eyed wheedler who exhibits through all his fawning the insolence of one conscious of his effect. Alas! The Spanish gipsy becomes far too conscious of his effect. Where he has been prone to forget it, Spanish municipalities, with an eye to the tourist traffic, have sharply reminded him of it.

A city official, pointing to a famous Moorish building that rose in delicate, lemon-coloured fretwork above his town, remarked to me:

THE DANCE OF THE GIPSIES OF SPAIN: One of the great attractions of the country to tourists—which is encouraged by officialdom

"We would as soon pull that down as send the gipsies away!"

"But," said I, "these are not gipsies. They are merely scum and rabble, which no self-respecting nomad would recognize."

The official raised his hands in horror.

"Santa María!" he cried. "They are the best trained gipsies in the whole of Spain!"

One cannot help preferring the untrained brethren of the road. I met them first on the banks of the Ebro, burrowed into the castled hill of Tortosa; and they followed me all the way to Seville. How much of them is gipsy and how much Arab? It is difficult to determine. An African, and even a Syrian, origin is often enough proclaimed in their features, which in youth are regular and delicate. The fact that many clans have been in continuous possession of their remote glens and mountain-side villages since the time of the Catholic monarchs, lends belief to the idea that many of them are not gipsies at all, but descendants of the Moorish flotsam and jetsam which fled into the hills before the zeal of black-hooded inquisitors.

Few travellers will bother their heads about that. The uncertain origin of the gipsy is his greatest charm; for who knows what dim, fantastic land, in what dim, fantastic cataclysm, cast this fringe of its doomed people on the reluctant shores of Spain? From Tortosa to Seville every pink-washed sierra is riddled with their troglodytic dwellings; and crumbling towns, shrunken at the base of Moorish *alcazaba* or Christian fort, surrender their broken mansions to the nomad.

Hence it is that in Spain the gipsies form a definite and striking element of the population. It is an easy country in which to hide, and a persecuted people has more chance of surviving there than in most European countries. They are persecuted no longer except in the remote districts. In places like Granada they are even classed as a kind of historical monument, to be preserved at all costs in the character and setting made traditional by novelists and musicians. Finally, Spain is the country *par excellence* for beggars. They are not, we are told, an indication of poverty, but rather of the generosity of the Spanish people.

OF SPAIN

its Illegal Activities Now Finds in the Interests of Tourism

ELSTON

It is difficult to resist the pleas of the Spanish gipsy, and equally fatal to yield. I remember driving through the Valencian *huerta* with a Spanish friend, and our being held up by a caravan of bejewelled and kerchiefed *gitanos* driving black goats along the road. A dark-eyed girl, with cigar-brown complexion and beautifully moulded features, detached herself from the caravan and ran beside us, purring softly as she held out her braceleted arm for pennies.

Her smiles were well worth a few coppers; and my companion, more accustomed to the prodigal romance and colour of Spain, laughed tolerantly at my efforts to engage the sly witch in conversation. But with the gift of the money my charm was utterly gone, and the girl darted gaily off through the fields like a kingfisher through reeds.

"They only want your gifts," said the Spaniard. "Deck them with beads and pretty clothes and their devotion is like dogs." When you have nothing more to give them they lose all interest in your existence. They don't know what gratitude is, and are only faithful to their rather primitive instincts." But if a bird sing because I give it seed, that is enough reward. Can I complain if its song is denied to me when I no longer tend it?

The sad part of the story is that that self-same caravan seemed to dog my footsteps for the rest of my Spanish sojourn. Wherever I went, there was the dark-eyed maid with her outstretched arms; and a horde of whining brats, whom she said were her brothers and sisters, made a noisy chorus to her pleadings. The smile I had purchased for a few coppers in the Valencian *huerta* proved at length to be a very bad bargain. Bought favours usually are. When the purse and the heart are opened together, disillusion enters both. At

THE FANDANGO: The gipsy dance to gipsy music, which, in Spain, has a slow melancholy only remotely akin to the wild gaiety of Hungary

Badajoz, near the Portuguese frontier, the girl was sold to a young man of a tribe heading West; and I saw no more of her.

A new industry is, however, being created out of the gipsy. It is the industry of tourist-baiting, which flourishes remarkably at Granada. In that city you can be photographed in gipsy costume with a stunted Alhambra for background and a paper rose in your ear. For the price of a few pesetas a professional tout will lead you to caves in the Albaicin hill where so-called gipsies will dance so-called gipsy dances with sufficient pretence of passion. The professional tout, if he sees a chance of a good tip, may even be successful in staging a fight with knives. The gipsies of Granada are the most accommodating gipsies in the world, and are always ready, on proper payment, to confirm your preconceptions of the race.

In spite of all this theatricalism, there is a certain lure about even these tethered decadents. One feels the stir of a mysterious savagery beneath their play-acting. The ballet-master's dance develops, at times, into a wild, reminiscent fury. There are occasions when the knife flashes with intent to kill, not to shock a pair of eyes gazing through horn-rimmed spectacles; and tales of the poison cup are not always at the instigation of a cunning guide. For the first time in the history of this people, their villainies are encouraged. The tables have been turned with a vengeance! A people who were cruelly persecuted for behaving according to their own primitive standards are now exhorted by their former persecutors to exploit those standards to the utmost.

THE BEACH OF BERMUDA: A new picture from the famous holiday resort showing British visitors sunning themselves on Elbow Beach. Bermuda has lately had a railway installed

TOM MOORE'S TAVERN: The ancient house at Walsingham, which is a convenient port of call when visiting the famous caves hard by

ANCIENT AND MODERN: One of the coaches of the new railway forms a vivid contrast to the traditional transport of the islands which, until recently, were known as the Pedestrian's Paradise

EVOLUTION IN HAMILTON: The official opening of the railway which has almost eliminated the traditional transport of bicycle, carriages, and shanks's mare

BERMUDA CALLING

Bermuda has now a railway which should do much to popularise these lovely sun-kissed isles in the Atlantic. Hitherto the Bermudas have been looked upon as a pedestrian's paradise, the only means of transport being the horse and the bicycle. With the coming of the railway all this has changed. It runs from Hamilton, the capital, westward to Somerset, and from Hamilton eastward to St. George, a total distance of about twenty-two miles. The line is single track, standard 4 ft. 8½ in. gauge, the tastefully white cars seating sixteen first and twenty second-class passengers and electrically operated by the very latest Wilson-Drewry transmission. At eleven different points the railway crosses sea inlets, from island to island, necessitating a total bridge length of 2⅛ miles. At Ferry Point there is a steel bridge, 1004 ft. long, provided with a swing span for the passage of ships.

The charms of the Bermudas are its lovely climate, beautiful flowers, white coral roads, caves, and sea gardens. Hamilton, the capital, is a picturesque town of white houses laid out on the rectangular plan on gently-rising ground. The houses are built entirely of coral rock, even the roofs being of this material. On the north side of the square, shaded by many cedar-trees, are the public buildings where the local Parliament meets, the colony having enjoyed representative government since 1620—the second oldest parliament in the world.

One of the principal industries of the isles is the cultivation of the lily. Every Spring, millions of the white blooms are exported both to New York and London markets. Suddenly to turn a corner in the road and feast your eyes upon a twenty acre field of these flowers nodding their white heads in the gentle breeze is a picture probably seen nowhere else. The hedges along the roadway are adorned with lovely red flowers, and the gardens are a picture of rare bloom throughout the year.

Very fascinating is the fish life around the coast. There is one spot known as Devil's Hole, where all kinds of fish congregate. They are of all sizes and present all the colours of the rainbow, and here people come to feed them. Dangling from the bridge here are a number of lines, but minus hooks. You bait the end of the line, toss it into the water, and watch the fish dart for the tit-bit.

An excursion full of interest and wonder can be taken in glass-bottom boats to the kelp beds, where one looks down upon the coral floor of the ocean. So clear is the water that everything stands out distinctly—the waving branches of the seaweed, the darting fish of varied colours, and the beautiful coral formations.

A place of historic interest is Tom Moore's house at Walsingham now used as a tavern of the old English type. It was the temporary home of the Irish poet, Tom Moore. It is the favourite stopping place for the caves nearby. They equal in charm and wonder those found anywhere else.

To these natural attractions one has to add all kinds of healthy sports, yachting, motor-boat racing, tennis, and cricket. To-day the Bermudas can boast of some splendid hotels, some of them possessing their own golf links. No wonder some thirty thousand visitors find their way to the Bermudas every year, only to come away and wax eloquent and enthusiastic over its charms and beauties. H. J. S.

THE SPHERE OF TRAVEL BUREAU will be happy to give information with regard to resorts, hotels, routes and fares to intending travellers. Personal and unbiased advice is given. 3d. in stamps (for postage of literature) should accompany all requests which are answered free. Enquiries should be addressed THE SPHERE Travel Bureau, 346, Strand, London, W.C.2

SAUSAGES in SOCIETY

and Other Social Occasions of the Week

BAGS OF MYSTERY: Lord and Lady Lawrence inaugurated a new *régime* in parties recently at their town house in Courtfield Road. They gave a reception in which sausages featured prominently. Mr. Dunning is seen above serving the novel party dish

AT THE EDINBURGH ICE CARNIVAL: Lady Joan Hope, the Earl of Hopetoun, Lady Doreen Hope and Lord John Hope at the Ice Carnival held in the Haymarket of the Scottish capital

AT THE SAUSAGE PARTY: The Hon. Katherine Lawrence, Miss Patricia Hobson, and Lord Lawrence at the amusing party given by the last named in his town house in Kensington. A number of "Social Registrates" were present and were regaled upon "sausages and mashed"

FANCY DRESS ON THE ICE: Colonel Crookshanks' party from Humbie at the Ice carnival held at the Haymarket in Edinburgh

THE VOGUE OF THE COCKTAIL PARTY: Mrs. Davila de Pena, Lady Hammond Graeme, and Mrs. Diddeford at Mrs. Basil Baxendale's cocktail party

SAUSAGES DO THEIR BIT FOR CHARITY: The Hon. John Lawrence and the Hon. Sara Lawrence at the first party held in which sausages and mashed—a plebeian dish now put on the aristocratic menu—made their *début* in social circles. The party was held in aid of the National Society of Day Nurseries

AN ARTIST ENTERTAINS: A group at the party given by "Peter Baxendale"—the artist who specialises in circus subjects who is, in private life, Mrs. Basil Baxendale. Above are Mr. Basil Kennedy, Miss Peggy Salaman, Mrs. Baxendale, Mrs. Greville Steel, and Mrs. Thomas Cecil

CELEBRATING OUT WEST—A DRY COMMENTARY

DRINK IN THE NEW! Miss Jeannette MacDonald with a party of friends at the Biltmore Hotel. In view of the XVIIIth Amendment, the presence on the table of champagne, Scotch, and Rye, provides an ironical comment on the respect for law held in the great metropolitan hotels

NEW YEAR'S EVE IN LOS ANGELES: A party at the Coconut Grove (there is a Cokonut Grove in many large cities in America) celebrate the death of the year of dearth, 1931. Messrs. George Frank, Allen Davis, Arthur Jacobson, and James Cagney, and Mesdames Mary McCall, Peggy Shannon, Gloria Grey, and Mrs. Cagney are seen above

AN OCCASION FOR REJOICING: Mr. John Wayne, Mrs. Roy del Ruth, Mr. John William Bennett, Jr., and Miss Josephine Saenz—one of the cheery parties at the Los Angeles Coconut Grove on New Year's Eve. The vogue of the double collar with the dinner jacket is not limited to *maîtres d'hôtel* in America

AT THE EMBASSY CLUB, HOLLYWOOD: Miss Billie Dove dances with Mr. Eddie Graham at the dinner-dance given in honour of Miss Bébé Daniels who, already a star on the films, has achieved distinction on the stage by her creation of the Gladys Cooper rôle in *The Last of Mrs. Cheyney*

"AS TIME GOES BY" was the appropriate time to which the New Year was ushered in at the smart El Patio Club, New York. The central figure in the pointed-ended white tie (another sartorial effect from the U.S.A.) is *not* Mayor Walker—the dandy of New York

"OVER A THOUSAND OF NEW YORK'S 'FOUR HUNDRED'": The ancient quip concerning the smart functions of New York holds good with regard to the large gathering at the Club Richman on New Year's Eve. In the street huge crowds assembled to cheer the departure of 1931, Times Square being jammed to overflowing. It is doubtful whether all toasts were drunk in "dry" beverages, even though "Sec" might be applicable!

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

THE MODERN NURSERY

By Baseden Butt

There was never an age when parents lacked affection for their children; but it is unfortunately a fact that in times gone by neither the child's mental processes nor his physical needs were properly understood. The father of Mozart was a good father; but in the light of modern knowledge, and modern ideals in bringing up children, he appears distinctly foolish. One hundred years ago, to have been born a child genius generally resulted in the child not being allowed sufficient sleep. Natural precocity was stimulated artificially, and of course nearly every child was wrongly fed and wrongly and excessively clothed.

A NURSERY IN ROME: A charming treatment in the house of Mrs. Bishop-Gould. The decorations are by Anna Marongiu

Nowadays we endeavour to understand the child from his own point of view. Both education and play are calculated to aid his natural mental growth without imposing strain, just as food aids the natural growth of the body. And these changed ideals are reflected in the equipment of the modern nursery.

To be more explicit, what are the exact needs of a child, so far as they affect the nursery? He needs beauty of a kind he can appreciate, a place where he may make as much noise as he likes, scope in which to experiment, to find out how to do things, how things are made, and how they work. And he needs special dwarf furniture suited to his diminutive stature.

How these needs are being met by modern decorators is shown by our photographs, which show nurseries designed recently in London and Paris. The English nursery, which was planned by Mr. T. Moore Bowman, has a colour scheme in green and yellow. All woodwork, including the dresser and low toy chest, is jade green.

A MODERN NURSERY: An arrangement by Pierre Chareau, the distinguished Parisian designer, in green, apricot, and ivory

The Parisian nursery, which is the work of Pierre Chareau, has several features of unusual practical advantage. Instead of toy shelves being arranged to form a frieze they are placed fairly low down in the room and also higher up in a tier. The underlying idea is, however, similar, being the decorative arrangement of toys when not in use. It will be noticed that the furniture is all small in scale, so that the children's feet, when seated, may rest on the floor. This is an important point, because dangling feet cause fatigue and are a strain that results in curvature of the spine. The furniture has also been so planned that the nursery may be gradually transformed into a schoolroom as the children grow up.

This nursery is part of a children's suite occupying the whole of an upper floor. On one side of the building is the night nursery, in the centre is a small bedroom and a combined dressing-room and sitting-room for nanny, and lastly there is the day nursery illustrated. The nurse's quarters are separated from the nursery itself by partitions carried to a height of about seven feet, space being left between the top of the partitions and the ceiling to allow circulation of air and in order that nurse may be within speaking distance of her charges both by day and night.

TOY SHELVES FOR FRIEZE: An arrangement by T. Moore Bowman, featuring a roomy dresser and a doll's house with a toy chest beneath

Another good idea is the day-bed or divan seen in the photograph, which enables one of the children to lie down in the day nursery for half-an-hour or so at midday instead of both being put into the night nursery. Separation ensures complete quietness and rest.

MODERNIZED CHINESE OF THE XVIIIth CENTURY: The panels of the saloon at Trent Park, Herts, Sir Philip Sassoon's country house, are filled with hand-painted panels. The woodwork is in apple-green picked out with deep cream

PANELLED IN MIRROR: A Mayfair bedroom decorated with a brightly-coloured Chinese wall[paper] corner is a concealed door made to look like a section of wall. The wall-paper is contrasted with

CHINESE WALL-PAPER AND THE PAINTED WALL

There has been a great revival of interest during recent times in Chinese wall-paper and the free method of hand décor on walls which in spirit is allied to it. One recalls the subtle beauty of some old rooms decorated with

A MAYFAIR BEDROOM: A corner of the room seen below on the left. The vogue of painted wall-paper is seen in this view. The bed-spread is a lovely thing of grey squirrel and the wall at the head of the bed is panelled in glass

wall-paper. In the right with two facing mirror panels

Pictures by Humphrey and Vera Joel

A MODERNIST FRESCO by Mr. Colin Sealy decorates the wall of the hall in this house in Regent's Park

Chinese wall-paper, which has in some cases faded to the most delicate of hues. There is a clever balance of design in what at first appears to be merely naturalistic foliage. Sir Philip Sassoon has been employing both the Chinese paper panel and also hand-painted wall décor by young artists who have shown a brilliant aptitude for this type of work. Mr. Rex Whistler and others have been actively engaged on this work for some little time past. We hope to give illustrations in a later issue of this hand décor.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN

TEA-TIME IN WINTER

By Joan Woollcombe

What admiring Frenchwomen have called *le five o'clock*, and what my charlady calls a "a nice cup er tea and a set dahn" has become exceedingly fashionable as a method of entertaining suited to the times in which we live and strive, although it has always been one of winter's compensations to the discriminating.

"Afternoon Tea" is essentially an English affair, and, of course, it presupposes a real English "hearth," whether the fire be real or machine-made. There is, in these worrying days, no better restorative than a nice cup of tea with one's toes toasting in the fender, the kettle obliging *sotto voce* on the hob, and a dish of muffins handy—that is the more intimate ceremony—but there is a newer hospitality, less peaceful, less private, less personal, but of infinite variety and entertainment to all concerned.

FOR THE MODERN "HIGH TEA": The equipment in *style moderne* for the light but sustaining meal taken in front of the fire before going out

Moreover, taken seriously, it is the housewifely chance of a lifetime for the young hostess with an original mind, and the fashionable bank balance, as well as an occasion for display on the part of the lapsang and orange pekoe maniac, or even the devotee of yerba maté.

Perhaps it was the recent election—possibly it is the habit of going to the "movies" at an early hour, but high tea is creeping back as a meal of which one is not ashamed but rather proud. And high tea can have all types of amusing and not-too-expensive equipment for the innumerable types of fork and of finger food. It is the business of the ingenious cook to suggest dishes of the entrée type; bacon, egg, and hot dog *ad infinitum*—but there are other things even more handy, and among them sandwiches—hot or cold, one, two or three deckers. Putting aside the rather dull bar and buffet meals there remain the sit-up-to-the-table tea and the gather-round tea, the latter especially dedicated to muffins and crumpets and Sunday afternoon in town with the bell of the muffin man heard in the Square, and the rush to the door to catch him just as the lamplighter goes round with his pole!

FOR PRINCESS MARGARET ROSE: The charming tea-set made by the Paragon China Co., presented to the fifth lady in the land by the third

And for all this delight of various sorts we have the possibility of enchanting equipment that makes the cocktail parties that one attends seem tame in comparison and, for winter, very poor fare.

Tables for the function are innumerable—nest tables of a new type and of many old designs—and those modern tables which coil themselves at will into suitable shapes and serve the guests at ease in arm chairs. Tables with an upper and a lower deck for the accommodation of relays of plates and dishes.

AN ATTRACTIVE *ENSEMBLE*: A silver tea-set and *bon-bon* dishes from the Goldsmiths and Silversmiths

The actual crockery for the high tea varies, from the improvized to the designed "American breakfast set," or, better still, a complete set of fireproof ware that includes dishes of many different shapes and capacities as well as teapot and its accessories. The innumerable designs in sandwich sets are all of them useful, and the summer-tennis hostess brings them into service for her winter teas.

The PETROL World

By A. PERCY BRADLEY

(Special Motoring Correspondent to "The Sphere"; Clerk of the Course, Brooklands)

MODEL MOBILE POLICE.—Having at one time or another written about the new mobile police in terms not too complimentary, I would like to return to the subject because I have at last found a mobile police force which is run on correct lines and which should serve as a model to others. The force I have in mind is that which is controlled and guided by Mr. Roderick Ross, the chief constable of Edinburgh. I was fortunate enough on a recent visit to that city to arrive there armed with a personal introduction to the chief constable. I was received with the utmost courtesy; and in addition to being shown how the whole traffic department of the Edinburgh police is run, I was conducted over, and shown everything in, the Criminal Investigation Department. At one moment I found myself in the cells, and my very pleasant and interesting guide suggested and actually took my finger-prints, but I am glad to say that they will not be used as evidence against me—because his courtesy was such as to hand the incriminating document back to me. The next day the mobile police were on parade and, in company with their chief, Lieutenant Berry, I inspected the machines. The cars used are Alvis Silver Eagles with three carburettors, and I was informed—and this did not surprise me—that they are eminently suited for the strenuous work they are called upon to perform. They are perfectly standard models with no special gadgets added to them. I was then shown all the facts and figures in connection with the force and with the police regulation of traffic in general.

What interested me more than anything else was the fact that none of the machines were off the road, and that since the force was instituted the mobile police have been involved in only one incident which might be called an accident. The casual reader might suppose that the machines were kept in cotton wool in a garage, but that is not the case, because I was shown the daily logs, and from these I noticed that the average daily mileage is nearer a hundred than fifty. Accident returns for the City of Edinburgh prove without doubt that the mobile police force have done good work, and I cannot imagine that anyone, motorist, foot police, or magistrate, has anything but a good opinion of them.

ON PRACTICAL LINES.—After my interesting talks with the responsible chiefs I feel certain that a motorist in Edinburgh has to do something quite out of the ordinary before he finds the police really against him. All credit is due to the chief constable for the practical way in which he has brought this mobile police force into existence. He has obviously not copied anyone else but had very decided views as to the purposes to which his new forces should be put. The utmost pains have been and are still taken to see that the drivers of the vehicles are really skilful motorists before they are clever constables. I hope I am giving no secrets away when I mention the fact that some of the members of the force were taken out by the Earl of Cottenham for demonstrations of controlling a car at high speeds. I do not know, but I presume the constables thereby learnt that high speeds were not in themselves dangerous, and that it was necessary before determining if a driver was reckless to take into account all the surrounding circumstances, including the skill of the motorist and the controllability of the particular car he was driving at the time.

I wonder how many other chief constables and commissioners of police have given the members of their particular mobile police force the opportunity that I have mentioned above. After all the whole object of the new mobile police and the ordinary police, in so far as motoring laws and regulations are concerned, is to prevent accidents from happening. The annual figures will never be appreciably reduced by the mobile police irritating everyone they come into contact with, but rather by working with the large body of motorists who instinctively want to do the right thing, and are, therefore, ready to assist the authorities in sitting heavily on the road hog and others who actually cause accidents.

Motorists as a body would wish that Mr. Roderick Ross could influence all those in authority over the mobile police forces in the country, for we should then see a real improvement in those terrifying figures which tell us each year the number of fatal and other accidents that take place on our highways.

UNDERGROUND GARAGING SCHEME.—I see that the idea of large underground garages is being trotted out once again. I think I am right in saying that the original conception must be attributed to the Automobile Association, but in this instance the authorities themselves seem to have become busy, though that may mean that all the talk will result in nothing really being done. My own experience of the City of London, where it is suggested that an underground garage should be built, is that a motor car is an encumbrance rather than a vehicle of transport. Many years ago some Minister or other was reported to have said that before very long all private motor cars would be prohibited in certain congested areas. At the time I remember thinking that such tampering with our liberties, and even the suggestion of it, was an insult to our intelligence, but now in a saner moment I have almost come to the point where I would advocate that drastic regulation. I can foresee in the future a ring of large garages encircling London all on a circular road, and those coming to the metropolis would be compelled to leave their cars in these garages and continue their journey by bus, taxi or underground. This would really be no great hardship, for even at the present moment it is doubtful whether the driver of a private car gets along any quicker than the traveller in a bus or underground train. People who wish to drive through London en route somewhere else would have to go along the circular road on the outskirts, and leave their car at the garage nearest their point of joining or leaving the circular highway. In the interests of general mobility I feel certain that most right-thinking motorists would agree to such a scheme, provided that the authorities used a certain amount of common sense, which up to the present has not been very noticeable, for dealing with horse traffic, cyclists, taxi-cabs, etc., which are allowed to do more or less what they like in congested areas, thereby holding up other traffic quite unnecessarily. In other words, no one would like to give up using their private cars in London unless by so doing the bus on which they travel was able to go much faster than traffic will permit it to do at present.

THE R.A.C. RALLY.—Further details are now available regarding the Royal Automobile Club Rally which will take place on March 1–5, 1932. The finishing point of the Rally will be Torquay, and this will be reached by the following nine routes, each of which is approximately 1,000 miles in length: (1) London (start), Harrogate, Edinburgh, Buxton, Cambridge, Torquay. (2) Bath (start), Norwich, Kendal, Droitwich, Eastbourne, Torquay. (3) Norwich (start), Harrogate, Melrose, Buxton, Eastbourne, Torquay. (4) Leamington (start), Carlisle, Newark, Llandrindod Wells, Eastbourne, Torquay. (5) Buxton (start), Norwich, Cheltenham, Carlisle, Nottingham, Torquay. (6) Harrogate (start), Llandrindod Wells, Carlisle, Newark, Eastbourne, Torquay. (7) Liverpool (start), Edinburgh, Newark, Eastbourne, Leamington, Torquay. (8) Newcastle-on-Tyne (start), Cambridge, Chester, Eastbourne, Droitwich, Torquay. (9) Edinburgh (start), Buxton, Norwich, Llandrindod Wells, London, Torquay.

Controls will be established at each of the above towns, and will be open for a time sufficiently long to enable competitors to take rest and refreshment. The start of the Rally will be on Tuesday, 1st March. Cars in the small class may start at any time between 12.30 p.m. and 3.30 p.m., and those in the large class between 6.0 p.m. and 9.0 p.m. The large cars will be set to average 25 m.p.h. over the 1,000 miles road section, and the small cars 22 m.p.h., in both cases including stops. Cars will arrive at Torquay on Thursday 3rd March, between 10.0 a.m. and 12.0 noon, depending on the time they started. They will be inspected immediately for any defects or damage, and will then be placed in control until Friday morning, when they will undergo a flexibility test. This will consist of 100 yards' slow running on top gear, 100 yards acceleration, followed immediately by a brake test. On Saturday, competitors who have completed the road section of the rally will be eligible to compete in a coachwork competition.

Points will be given for elegance of appearance, comfort, internal and external condition, general arrangement, etc. The cars will be divided into the following classes: (1) Open two-seaters; (2) Open four-seaters; (3) Two-door two-seater coupés; (4) Occasional four-seaters and two-door sports saloons; (5) Four-door sports saloons; and (6) Full saloons, limousines, landaulettes, and coupés de ville. The classes will be further divided into two sections for large and small cars. The entry fee is three guineas, with a special fee of two guineas for members of the R.A.C. This fee will include entry in the Coachwork Competition, Team Competition, the provision of all route books, badges, discs, etc., required by the drivers and their passengers, and will thus represent the total cost of entry.

CARS FOR THE MONTE CARLO RALLY

TALBOT: The 105 chassis fitted with a special body supplied by Messrs. Warwick Wright to Mr. Harrington Harvard who, with his wife, will start from Umea, Sweden

Below — **HILLMAN-WIZARD:** Mr. D. H. Noble's entry which will tow an Eccles caravan and seat five passengers

RILEY: The 9-h.p. Overseas tourer which will be driven by Mr. Rupert Riley with Athens as a starting point

SUNBEAM: The 20-h.p. saloon entered by Mr. H. E. Symonds who will begin his journey from Umea, Sweden

IN WINTER WEATHER with its chilly zest, the soft, warming comfort of Haig is more appreciated than ever. For occasions of hospitality and friendship, then . . . . **AND AT ALL SEASONS — HAIG**

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The London Clinic and Nursing Home, the largest of its kind ever built in this country, has been established with the object of providing for paying patients the most up-to-date medical or surgical treatment. It is, in design and scientific equipment, the finest in the world.

While the poor have at their disposal, in the great hospitals of the country, modern equipment and the services of specialists, these advantages have not hitherto been generally available for those classes from which private patients come. The London Clinic and Nursing Home is designed especially to provide for that large section of the middle class which cannot afford the expense of treatment in existing nursing homes.

The Home has accommodation under one roof for 36 leading consulting surgeons and physicians who form the medical group, each having his consulting suite with an entrance in Harley Street, and a complete equipment for comprehensive examination and diagnosis; and a nursing home in which patients can be treated by the leading men of the day.

THE PRESIDING GENIUSES OF THE LONDON CLINIC: The Duke of Atholl (left), the Chairman of the Clinic, who has, incidentally, designed the lights and personally recommended the porters whom he knew during the War; Sir Ernest W. Morris, who received his title in the New Year's Honours, who is House Governor; Miss Hebdon, the Matron; and Mr. B. H. Binder (right), the Vice-Chairman, who has done an immense amount of work in connection with this considerable enterprise

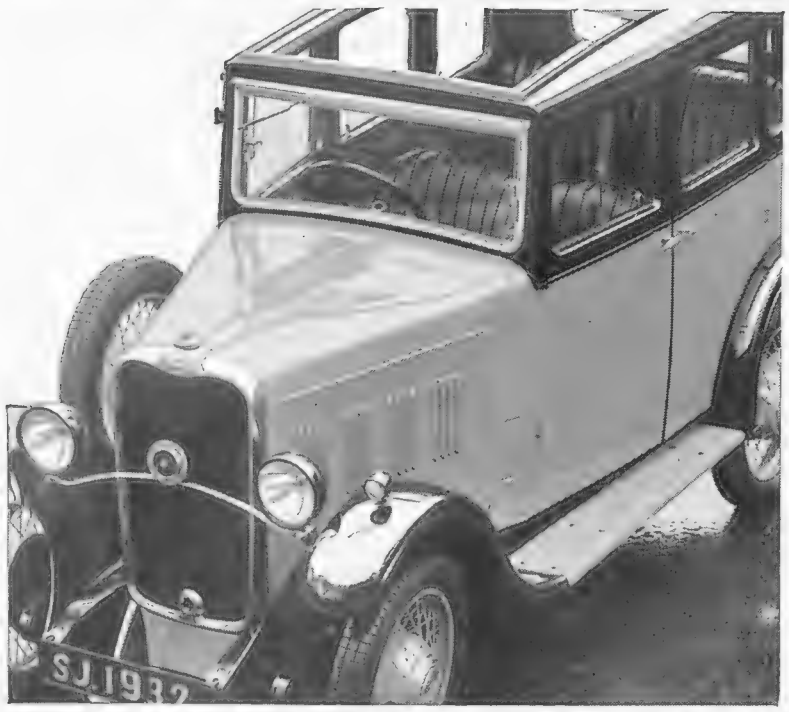
It is intended that the fees shall as far as possible be inclusive, so that patients may be spared the heavy burdens of "extras."

The Duchess of York has accepted an invitation to declare the Home open at an early date. It is understood that the King and Queen will pay a private visit of inspection. The Chairman, the Duke of Atholl, has given to the building and equipment of the Home his undivided attention during its erection, and every detail has had his constant personal supervision.

A BEDROOM in the London Clinic. The lighting was designed by the Duke of Atholl, the Chairman of this super nursing home

THE WONDER NURSING HOME: The London Nursing Home and Clinic occupies a site of two-and-a-half acres. It was designed by C. H. Biddulph Pinchard

THE KITCHEN: This section of the nursing home which is next door to the operating department, the most important in any nursing home, is equipped in the most up-to-date fashion. It is under the direction of M. Genet (right), from the Café de Paris



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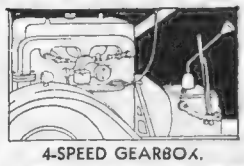
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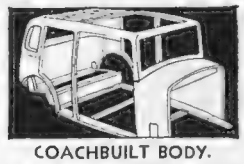
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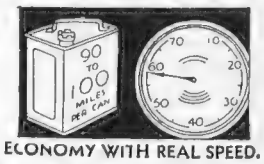

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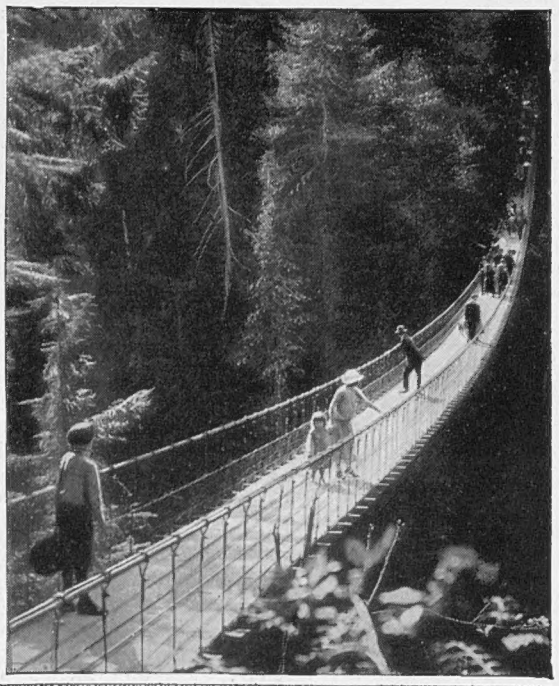

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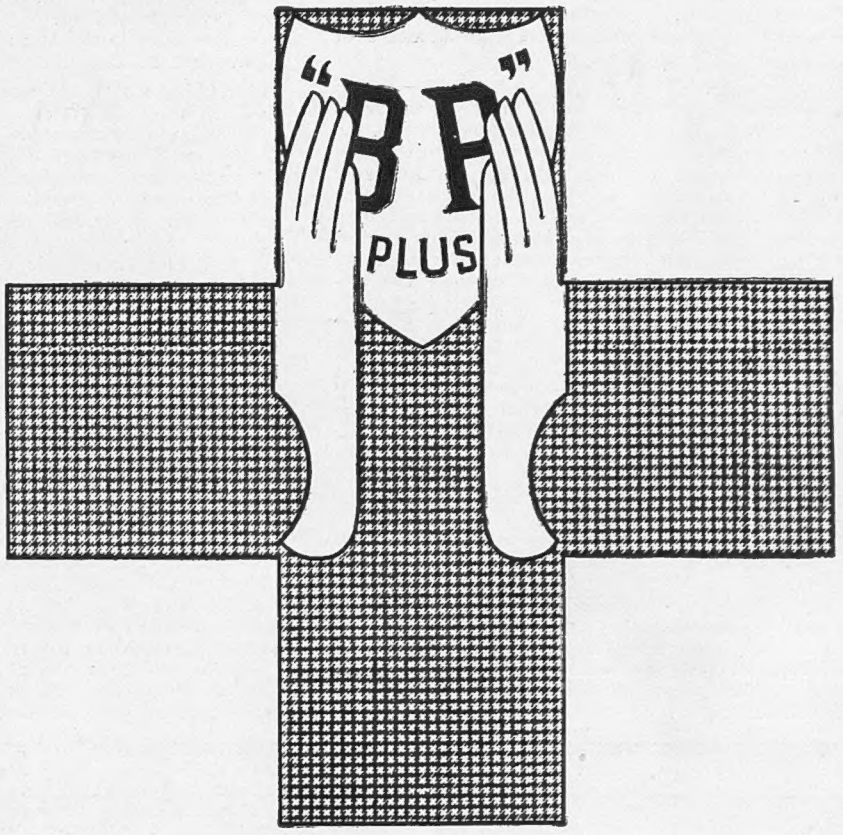

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Plus a little something some others haven't got

B P Plus has an addition to the petrol which greatly increases the efficiency of any engine.

THE MILLIONS IN WAR-WORK

(Continued from p. 111)

only be attempted with a steady eye on the unemployment created thereby, because if and when such disarming afterwards is set in motion corresponding measures to alleviate matters for large numbers of people may require to be taken.

We missed a great chance in not pruning armaments during the boom years. Had we done so, the boom would have been less, but the painful transitional period of dislocation we should not have felt so keenly as we may do in the future. It is idle to pretend that the position is the same now, or that such a pinnacle of armed might as our next door neighbour does not feel an added repugnance in 1932, fearful of the deeper social difficulties which may accrue from the dismantling, however slowly and carefully it be carried out, of that all-embracing edifice, *l'Armée de Terre et de Mer*. If the nations of the world spend £900,000,000 a year on armaments (Europe £520,000,000), and if these armaments be (perhaps rather sweepingly) dubbed "wholly unproductive" (doesn't their presence "produce" in several quarters of the globe?), the other side of the picture, which able men like Sir Norman Angell would paint, may have lost a little of its grip through unforeseen events. We are offered the prospect of the transfer of these dazzling millions—available only hypothetically—to productive labour, in a world the term of whose subjugation to an already well-implanted over-production none of us can foresee. *If* such transfer could be effected, it would be splendid. But can it so easily now?

A sound preliminary movement might be the appointment during the coming Conference of a committee to discuss possible alternative public work of international import.

DIVORCE TO-DAY—*(Continued from p. 115)*

something to eat she had to climb back into the house by means of a step-ladder because all the doors had been locked against her. Not surprisingly, the previous order was maintained.

According to the last report of the Committee, no fewer than 2,061 applications were dealt with in one year.

Summing up one's impressions, the natural conclusion to which one comes is that a complete revolution in the attitude of the Courts towards divorce has been achieved under the reign of Lord Merrivale. Discretionary powers have been used up to the hilt, and the King's Proctor is now chiefly useful as a means of preventing perjury. As a result, divorce has increased by leaps and bounds, and in consequence there is a far larger number of happy people than ever before. *What is more, this number would be immeasurably increased if the hundreds of married couples all over the country, who have contracted irregular unions, realized that this irregularity no longer bars them from securing a divorce—provided that they make a frank disclosure of the facts and ask for the discretion of the Court.*

That is all one can say, for I am naturally not going into the morals of the question.

"THE SPHERE" PICTORIAL COMPETITION

Owing to the very large number of solutions sent in from readers in this country and in all parts of the world, it has not been possible to give the results of this competition in this issue. Full particulars of the results will be given in the issue of THE SPHERE for January 30 or the following week. This competition has been gaining in popularity every year, and this year the number of solutions sent in shows fully a 30 per cent. rise over 1930.

BOOKS—*(Continued from p. 120)*

Just now there is an epidemic of books about French art, and it would be a pity if, in this crowd, *A Short History of French Painting*, by Eric G. Underwood (Oxford University Press. 8s. 6d.), were overlooked. It deals with the whole of French painting, from the earliest times to the present day, in the simplest, non-technical language. It explains, it illustrates, it gives a right proportion of autobiographical data, some criticism from responsible sources, and takes notice of the effect of historical events upon the art of the period. Considering the extent covered, I think this is the best, the clearest book I have yet seen on the subject. The whole is well illustrated, well indexed, and contains a most useful list of the places where French paintings can be seen. When I was very young I once stayed in a French château that contained fifty-four masterpieces of French art. I left without realizing my good fortune. With this book in hand how intelligent I might have been!

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

On Thursday, January 14th, the Annual Staff Meeting of the above Society was held at 164, Shaftesbury Avenue when, after a High Tea, a presentation of a Silver Tray was made by members of the Staff to the Chairman and Treasurer and his wife, Mr. and Mrs. Francis H. Clayton, on their having recently celebrated their Silver Wedding, as a token of appreciation of the untiring interest they had shown in the welfare of the Society. This was followed by a Prayer and Praise Meeting, when the Rev. Claude Harland, of Christ Church, Chelsea, gave a stirring address, full of encouragement to the members present, bearing on St. Matthew 5, 13–16. The Society is most urgently in need of funds, and all gifts will be gratefully acknowledged by the General Secretary, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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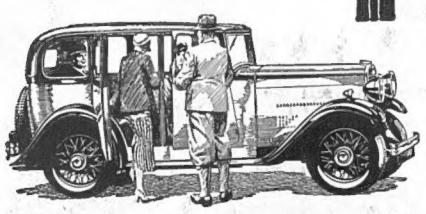

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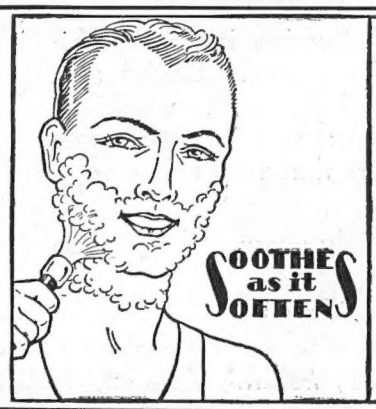

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Banbury - White Lion Hotel
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Bangor (Co. Down) - Royal Hotel
Barmouth - Marine Hotel
Barnstaple - New Inn Hotel, Muddiford
Barrow-in-Furness Furness Abbey Hotel
Bath - Bath Spa Hotel
Do. - Grand Pump Room Hotel
Bettws-y-Coed - Waterloo Hotel
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Do. - Imperial Hotel
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Do. - Bancroft Hotel
Do. - Branksome Tower Hotel
Do. - Haddon Hall Private Hotel
Do. - The Haven Hotel
Do. - The Imperial Hotel
Do. - Marina House Private Hotel
Do. - Osborne Priory Hotel
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Bradford-on-Avon Old Court Hotel
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Brighton - Belvidere Mansions Hotel
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Do. - Katte Hotel
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Cheltenham - Ellenborough Hotel
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Do. - Plough Hotel
Do. - Pyatt's Hotel
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Do. - Kingscliffe Hotel
Do. - Northdown Hall Hotel
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Westcliff-on-Sea - Westcliff Hotel
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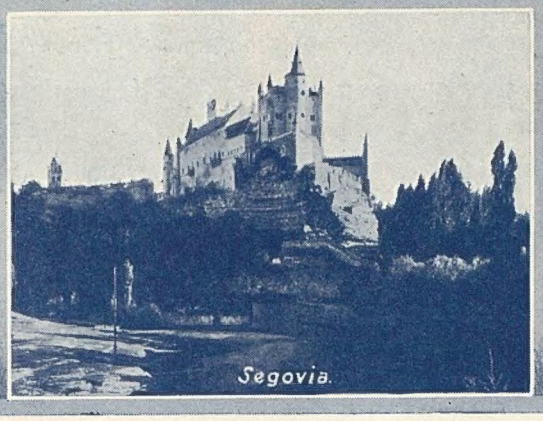
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